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[JUNE

THE ECLECTIC:

A

Monthly Review and Miscellany.

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BRIEF NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS:—

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VOL. I

THE ECLECTIC.

JUNE, 1859.

I.

THE EPOCHS OF PAINTING CHARACTERIZED.

The Epochs of Painting Characterized:—a Sketch of the History of Painting, Ancient and Modern, showing its gradual and various Development from the earliest Ages to the present Time. By R. N. Wornum, Keeper and Secretary, National Gallery. New Edition. Murray.

THERE is a cruel old Voltairean epitaph still extant, which certifies that Perron “was nothing—

“ne fut rien,
Pas même un Académicien.”

Mr. Wornum is not even that, but then he is what Perron was not—a pompous and very dull writer. On its own merits his book would not be worth pricking with our pen, its errors being far too deeply rooted to be cured by such mild treatment as *acupuncture*. But when we remember that the ponderous book is an Oxford class-book, we think it right to review its pretensions, lest its readers should be deterred by its dulness from the study of art, or be misguided in their study by its pedantic blunders. Mr. Wornum has worked up the fabulous legends and conventional nonsense about Greek painting, which the German critics, with their wonted windiness, have eructated in many a cloudy volume. But it is all a mere drivel of ignorant learning. The only results clearly ascertained are these two small facts—first, that nearly all we now know of ancient Greek painting we get from Pliny, that apoplectic collector, without inquiry, of truths and lies: secondly, that the wall-paintings of Pompeii are the solitary evidences of that much-lauded art. We will try and prove that, firstly, the testimonies of Pliny are mere uninvestigated legends, sewn together in patchwork fashion by an industrious sciolist, who knew nothing of the art he wrote about; and further, that from all possible evidence existing, it is clear that the Greeks never attained, in painting, to anything but a very crude and barbaric art;



modern painting being the only true result of all their centuries of labour.

Of course we start with the Corinthian legend of the origin of painting by the Corinthian maiden tracing on the moon-lit wall of the laurel-shaded temple the silhouette of her departing lover. You may still see on the mantelpieces of London lodging-houses, the negro shadow of Mrs. Griper's departed husband. Your attention will be drawn to such black profiles. You will probably, when you inquire the price of the rooms, be informed that Mr. Griper was "a blessed creature." When you hear this, think of the Corinthian maiden, and wonder at the slow progress of art. We need scarcely say, (in spite of Mr. Wornum,) that the truth of this old fable is of about the same value as the story of Dædalus turning a shark's jaw into the first saw; or of Mercury stringing a turtle-shell and calling it a lyre. One thing is evident, that, somehow or other, through the Pelasgi who left us the lions of Mycenæ as art-legacies, Grecian art came directly or indirectly from Egypt and the East; for Cadmus and his dragon's teeth, Cecrops and Danaus, all point to the East as the origin of Greek civilization. Vulcan was a smith and Dædalus a carpenter, but in Greek mythology we look in vain for the artist. Homer mentions that the prows of ships were smeared red and purple; but then his use of the names of colours was uncertain and barbaric. He never mentions painting, without the aid of which science any nation's nomenclature of colours must always be imperfect: even now English ladies, we frequently observe, call ribbons blue when they mean lilac, and poppy when they mean cherry-coloured. Our poets say golden-coloured when they mean yellow, and fiery when they mean simply red. The words expressing colours are the most indefinite and unlimited of any we have out of the controversial regions of metaphysics. Knowing as we do the limits of embroidery, we may easily guess what joggling, quaint figures struggled as Greeks and Trojans on the diplax of Helen, who, like an Amazonian queen, embroidered her robes with needlework representations of battles. No doubt the figure of Sesostris, armed with bow and javelin, that Herodotus saw on the way from Ephesus to Phocæa, was a piece of art about equal to our snuff-shop Highlanders. As for the battle of the Magnetes, by the painter Bularchus, executed 716 B.C. for the foolish Candaules, king of Lydia, for which he gave its weight in gold, it was probably something like the conflict that an Indian brave smears with vermilion on his buffalo-skin. From these early legends, related by an ignorant and careless authority (Pliny), we gather only this small sesame-seed of truth—that art flourished in Ionia, after the Persian conquest, and in the islands of the Ægean Sea before it did in Greece.

Very few of the Greek stories, however, bear a moment's examination, for what can a rational being (not an R.A.) think of a purple embroidered Milesian shawl selling for 120 talents (29,000*l.*)? and what but darkness can we filter from the story of Herodotus, that at the siege of Phocæa (544 B.C.), the citizens fled to Chios with all their valuables, except paintings, which *could not be removed*. There is some mistake about the very word paintings—perhaps they were not worth removing: if London were in danger, should we all fly with carts to the Pantheon? I think not.

Now as day breaks we come to real Grecian art, "developed," as Mr. Wornum says, about 600 B.C. Well now, what do we find after all the ridiculous stories about the pictures bought for their weight in gold (a story you may still hear in every third country-house in England)? Has art gone on since Bularchus, 716 B.C? No. Pliny gives a long list, certainly, of Cleanthes, Telephanes, Dinas, Charmadas, and other great men, but goes on to tell us that they were all painters in one colour; and Eumæus of Athens, he says, first distinguished the sexes. This does not look very like high art. Cimon of Cleonæ, his successor, invented foreshortening about the time of Solon. Somehow or other, our exact Pliny, as Mr. Wornum confesses, leaves us a gap of three solid centuries without one painter; and this says a good deal for the success and flourishing of Greek art.

With Polygnotus, whom Cimon brought from Thaxos, 463 B.C., "the Greek development of art began," says our credulous author. He painted portraits, and decorated a portico in Athens, with a picture of the Rape of Cassandra. Lucian says he was one of the four greatest colourists of Greece; and Aristotle says he painted men better than they were; though improvement on God's work is now thought rather difficult, if not impossible. His draperies were truthful, yet graceful and flowing; so some people may think our own Mr. Hurlstone's. His great work was the Destruction of Troy, in the portico of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. "Great dog," says our friend Old Tap, who is prepared to admire anything that is old; but what do we find? that this celebrated work had no perspective or composition, but was made up of figures ranged in three tiers. Then came Dionysius of Colophon, who painted "men as they are," then Micon of Athens, who excelled in horses, and yet, as Ælian says, did not know that they had not lashes to their under eyelids. Micon painted the Battles of the Amazons and of the Centaurs and Lapithæ. Yet of Micon, too, we are told that he was fined thirty minæ for making the Persians large out of all proportion. As for Panænius's Battle of Marathon, we cannot say much, for we hear that Miltiades wanted his name written

over his figure, to show which it was. About 468 B.C., Apollodorus, the rival of Xeuxis, came on the stage, and because, forsooth, Pliny speaks of his power of light and shade, Mr. Wornum calls him the Grecian Rembrandt. With Xeuxis, a fresh sea of legends burst upon us, and our credulous author dilates of course, with his usual blatant eloquence, on the Juno-like character of form this painter gave to his women. He is said to have been eccentric in the choice of subjects, and to have painted Helen from the culled beauties of five Crotonian virgins. This picture was exhibited, Ælian says, for money in the Temple of Juno. With all this exactness, however, it is not yet certain whether Xeuxis painted on walls or panels, nor does Pausanias in his art-tour even mention him. Timanthes of Sicyon is praised by the old writers, who have done so much injury to art, as remarkable for originality of fancy. He was the astounding inventor of the idea of making Agamemnon hide his face at the sacrifice of Iphigenia; a trick about as ingenious as that of the old portrait painters, who, in order to shirk drawing the hand, stuck it out of sight deep in the waistcoat.

The "Eclectic" (Caracci) period, which is the favourite one of all Academicians, with whom the form always drowns the essence, Mr. Wornum compares to the Alexandrian period of Greek art, when Apelles was the king. The student at the school of Pamphilus studied for ten years. The charm of the brush of Apelles was grace; yet though Protogenes finished too highly, Asclepiodorus excelled him in proportion. Even our ingenious author allows that nothing can be made of the story of the rival lines of Apelles and Protogenes, unless the *linea* mean the outline of a human form. Protogenes seems to have excelled in painting highly-finished mules and dogs; and of Pausias, we are told that he was famous for drawing a fore-shortened bull with a shadow that showed its size (which is absurd).

It is rather a stultifying fact for the mere academic rhapsodist about Greek art, that scarcely a genuine fragment of its purest and best age remains to us. We have uncertain copies mechanically executed from the copies of Phidias and Praxiteles. We have, perhaps, figments, hints, and sketches of their works from vases, gems, and bas-reliefs; but we have nothing but one great omnipresent guess really to go by. Even in sculpture, where the genius of the Greeks for art found its highest, if not its only expression, all the most distinguished remains—the voluptuous Antinous, the writhing Laocoon, the Torso of Apollonius, are late and Romanized. As for painting, we can only go to Pompeii, and see the not ungraceful daubs of country-town decorators in a nation that imported, but did not produce its art—at a period, too,

when even in Greece there was little but still-life pictures and obscene caricatures to be had. One of their greatest *genre* painters was Antiphilus, who lived at the court of one of the Ptolemies: he painted dressmakers' rooms, boys blowing the fire, cobblers' stalls, and barbers' shops. Antiphilus was the Greek Wilkie, only he was wise enough to keep to what he could do.

It took a long time to teach the Italians art. It is easy to see exactly how long—from the day Mummius sacked Corinth 146 B.C., to 1260 A.D., when Cimabue began to work, and founded, on Byzantine traditions, a Christian school of art. The Romans never had a painter, but they had a million "low-backed slaves," such as Juvenal mentions, who would colour their walls with Pompeian dancing nymphs, and who drew by geometric laws rather than by any instinct. Greek art, Kügler says, truly sprang from Greek religion—so did Christian art from Christianity; but it was left for the Protestants to discover that art need not be confined to the church, but may enter into every branch and phase of life.

History shows a providence perpetually filling granaries and reservoirs with hoarded strength, virtue, and life, to be redistributed over the world in times of famine, atrophy, and decay. What we call volcanic ages in history are but the violent dispersions of long-hidden currents of richest blessing. What we call death, say the alchemists, is but a change—a re-making, a shuffle of nature's kaleidoscope: so it is with art. The destruction of Corinth flooded Europe with statues as standards of beauty. The sack of Syracuse inundated the world, as when a dam breaks down and lets out the waters. The removal of empire from Rome to Byzantium sent flocks of statues to revolutionize the East; from which again, after the Gothic darkness, classic art returned to ally itself to the art of the Norse barbarian. Incredible have been the ravages of fire and sword upon the works of art. Genseric gutted Rome to adorn Carthage. The sons of Theodosius destroyed all pagan temples and statues they could reach. The Iconoclasts worked with the cruel malignity of bigots. Then came the Crusade fires, which must have destroyed more of the Constantinople relics of art, but at last gave rise to the intercourse between the East and West, and finally, through Venice, to the rise of Italian art. Yet still—for Providence will not let good things perish—we have, in spite of this perpetual pounding of Time's hammer, a fine cabinet of Greek relics left, sufficient for all useful purposes of instruction and warning. They taught Giotto and his men drawing. They may still teach us something. To us, indeed, the destruction of Greek painting is sufficient proof of its uselessness to future ages. The Bible did

not perish. Homer did not perish. The Nieblungen lied did not perish. Our old ballads did not perish. Nothing worth preserving has ever perished.

It is a curious thing that art not only originated in paganism, but seems to have been at first looked upon with as much horror by the early Christians as it was by the early Puritans, who found it an ally of the religion they warred against; just as the Jews forbade artists to dwell among them, and Tertullian would not baptize painters till they renounced their iniquitous trade. God was a Spirit, they said; how can we represent Him by lines and colours? They were afraid of idolatry, and remembered the old decrees of the stone-table against graven images. Clement of Alexandria thought it not unbecoming in his unsettled age of thought to write against the use of images in excess, recommending the mere Christian symbols of the dove, the fish, the lyre, and the anchor, such as the use of the Catacombs had sanctioned. It was not till the fourth century that fresco paintings seem to have been introduced into Italian churches, to preach through the eye to the rude congregations of that twilight age. Directly the Gentile element began to regain its strength, and rise up to the surface through Christianity—that moment an age of religious symbolism began, and art seemed to assume a less beautifully sensuous, but still a more thoughtful and noble aspect. Christ was then represented in many different forms, as the umpire at the games—the shepherd—the fisherman. The cross, the symbol of redemption, became the greatest of all the types; but the phoenix, the peacock, the palm-branch, the ship, the vine, were all initial letters of great allegories. The fables of Meleager, Niobe, Cupid and Pysche, were revived. Art, like a deserter, had left paganism and gone over to the new camp. From the Christian paintings in the catacombs of Calixtus, representing Christ as Orpheus of the Mysteries, as the Vine, and as the Shepherd—from the frescoes and mosaics of Leo the Great and the Emperor Maximilian—from Byzantine missals and apocalyptic visions,—the real Christian art of Giotto sprang. From the time of Charlemagne downwards art was kept like a dried flower, safe but crushed between the leaves of the illuminated gospels. The monks reproduced their little world in miniature in their great tomes, whose leaves were embalmed by the perpetual angel-breathing of incense. They copied flowers in crimson and azure—they traced out trees in gold—they drew their enemies as devils, the beautiful dream-faces of their freer days as angels, and thought that art had reached its climax. The monks of Mount Athos still go on painting just as they did in the sixth century, or when Cimabue broke loose from their dungeon. They still preserve the same in-

flexible conventions, dark olive-green faces, stiff gold draperies—everything is done by rule, whether attitude, subject, or colour, according to the book of the monk Dionysius which Didron discovered.

Brave men lived before Agamemnon; and there were painters beginning to think before John Cimabue (1240-1300.) Day-break spreads quietly, it does not burst out like a volcano. Guido of Siena (1202-1258) began to break the mummy-wrappers, and strive for purer form and livelier colour. There is naïveté in his Virgin at Siena, and the child Christ is graceful and simple. The drapery is still frozen, and the hands long and stiff as glove-stretchers. The thirteenth century was a great century; and a great century has great art. The papacy was splendid and triumphant under Innocent III. St. Francis had evangelized and revived religion by his great legalized heresy and reform—for in the Roman church every good man has been a heretic or a reformer. The great sculptor, Pisano, was discovering the antique that was to quicken Christian art by the blood of the old pagan life. Edward III. was heading his outburst of chivalry; Chaucer was tuning for his song; Dante was suffering, that he might become immortal; Boccaccio was soon to be born; the world was heaving with new thought; and Wickliff was anticipating the Reformation. Into this troubled air Cimabue soared, happy and daring as an eagle that has broken its chain. There must have been a great fever and enthusiasm for the new art, if the stories are true of the universal rejoicing, and clamorous procession of horsemen, with which his colossal Madonna was carried to the Church of Sta. Maria Novella, in Florence, where it still remains; and of the district in which he lived being called the "Joyful Quarter," from the bell-ringing and shouting, when Charles of Anjou came to visit the painter. From Margaritone and Buffalmacco, of whom Vasari tells us such quaint buffoon stories, we pass on to Giotto, the patriarch of art, whom Cimabue found as a common shepherd boy, drawing a figure of one of his sheep on a stone. Giotto had one of those great encyclopedic minds of the middle ages, that ran through the whole circle of the sciences, and disdained the modern system of division of labour. He was a portrait-painter, for he left us the likeness of his friend Dante; he was an architect, for he built that inlaid casket column of the Campanile of Florence; he was a worker in mosaics, for he wrought the Disciples in the Storm, now in the vestibule of St. Peter's; he was a sculptor, for he carved the Sta. Croce crucifix; and a great religious painter, for he left us the Life of the Virgin, in the Arena chapel at Padua. He is hard, flat, and wanting in perspective and chiaroscuro; his eyes are still almondy, and

his figures stiff; his colour is pale, the carnations too faint and spiritually delicate. His imagination however was boundless, and his composition almost modern in richness and depth: his groups are dramatic, and his incident and expression are taken from great every-day nature. He admired allegory as much as Dante did; for the age strove to impersonate and dramatize abstractions. Giotto loved reality with all his imagination, as much as Chaucer or Shakspeare. In colour alone he was ascetic and mannered. When we look at his works, we can never be sure that we are not looking at some thought furnished to the painter by Dante. There can be no underrating the effect produced by this mouthpiece of the feelings of his age. He revolutionized Florence; and his fame ran from Padua and Verona to Rome and Naples. He painted for Clement V. at Avignon; and popes and kings, abbots and priors, wrangled for his pictures.

It was under very deep religious influences that art, just released from its cave of the Seven Sleepers, worked so boldly, and with such unrepressed fire. Of one artist we are told, that he always painted on his knees; of another, that he received the sacrament before proceeding to his easel, which was itself an altar of sacrifice. We find others, burning solemnly all their pictures of nude subjects, at the bidding of a preaching friar. They all believed that St. Luke himself had been an artist; and pictures of the Virgin by his holy hand, were shown with exultation at innumerable monasteries. A picture of the Madonna, in the stiff Byzantine style, and painted on a panel of cypress-wood, is still shown as the work of the Saint in the church of Ara Cœli, at Florence, though it is probably the work of some Greek hermit of centuries later. But perhaps the most singular proof of the religious feeling of early art, is shown in the institution of the Florentine Compagnia, who met in the chapel of a hospital, given to them by the Portinari family. In this factious and divided age, when tongues are smooth above, and thick slab with poison below—when competition is so greedy, ruthless, cruel, and envious—it surprises us to read in Vasari of this apostolic club, so impossible in these days, that, uniting the old Greek and the new Cimabue men, held meetings to return thanks to God for the spread of art, and to tender each other assistance, at all times and for all needs. Fancy the forty R. A.'s meeting the Hogarth Club, and chanting the anthem, "*Tis like the precious ointment*," &c. But everything was healthy, vigorous, and true about this new art that Mr. Wornum discusses so crudely. In Florence there were self-protecting guilds of painters,—a sure sign of the growth of an art. Cennino Cennini, pupil of one of the Gaddi's, wrote a

treatise on painting, which was, in fact, a code built up from scattered practices and traditions.

Piero della Francesca's treatises on perspective, and Masolino's knowledge of light and shade, enabled Masaccio (who followed Angelico, 1402-1443) to individualise and dramatise form, and to carry art far beyond Giotto's high-water mark. In some respects the mechanism of art all but reached its culminating point in Masaccio and his wild scholar Fra Lippi. In his lifetime, too, Fra Angelico, brooding in his cell, carried spiritualism further, though disregarding that purity and actuality of the beautiful in form that Ghiberti of the Gates and Donatello his contemporary had developed. Grown-up men could not copy the stiff, flat imaginings of Giotto; but Raphael himself worked upon the old Masaccio themes, with sometimes the Masaccio manner. His influence ran through all the Roman school, affecting their composition and design, in spite even of Michelangelo and Da Vinci; and, not many years ago, one of our own young painters pirated, with great success, a large slice of one of Masaccio's most celebrated designs. Masaccio's Chapel of the Brancacci, in the Church del Carmine at Florence, became the school-room of a long generation of painters. Raphael copied his Adam and Eve, and Fra Bartolomeo his Madonna and Child. Now, when we come to sum up what Masaccio did for art we see that he stretched its horizon degrees further into the unknown country. The Medici of Florence were not to be satisfied with the cold purity of Giotto: they wanted more truth and human nature; they called for more illusion, and wondered a picture could not equal a statue. Masaccio modelled and rounded his figures till they grew out of the canvas: he gave up the pinched, stiff robes, and gave broad, billowy masses and grand rolling lines. He made the drapery express the form, and the form beautiful for itself, not merely for the religious idea it expressed. In fact, art had come back to the old Pagan truth, that the human body in perfection was the most beautiful of all things, and the very centre column of the world. The study of sculpture, in fact, was making the Italian what he has ever since been—a good draughtsman. The century's eye, by constantly watching with careful love the outline of things, had educated itself, and Masaccio was the result.

Fra Lippi, that wild painter, who deserted his convent, was made a slave of in Barbary, carried off a nun from a convent, and eventually died of poison, gave a certain Flemish tendency to art, a sensual grace, a realistic ardent grandeur, that has, in his figure of St. Paul, a large feeling, which anticipates Michelangelo. He introduced boors and sharpers into his religious pictures occasionally, and sometimes gave his saints and angels rather a sly

and cunning look. He first freely introduced the modern Florentine dress, a convention that was some centuries in dying out, and of which the Dutch picture, in which Abraham is clapping a tremendous bell-mouthed blunderbuss to the ear of Isaac, is perhaps the most outrageous example. It is in the works of Sandro Botticelli, the vehement poet, who taught Fra Lippi's son, that we first find art altogether leaving the convent and plunging into the dangerous Armida gardens of old mythology.

Savanarola would, we dare say, gladly have burnt that delicious little picture now in the Uffizi at Florence, which represents a naked Venus floating on a shell, driven to the shore through a shower of roses, and a nymph, under a laurel bush, holding out a puffing crimson mantle to receive the goddess.

But now a new discovery burst like a sunrise upon art, which already to many seemed perfect. It was to art what printing was to letters: it rendered the repetition of a great work easier, and its destruction more impossible; it drew art away from mere church frescoes, and sent it into palaces and cabinets; it rendered it more within reach of single fortunes; it came at a time when art was getting colder in the service of a superstitious faith and longing for new and less restrictive patrons. Previously to the Flemish Van Eycks' discovery of how to dissolve amber in drying oil, every one had painted in distemper with yolk of egg, which dried quickly and forbade much finish. With tempera art was necessarily hard, quick, and conventional; there could be no rivalry of the external world. Distemper was paler and more perishable than oil. The secret, as a doubtful legend runs, was brought from the Netherlands by Antonello da Messina, who confided it to his friend Domenico Veneziano, who was murdered by Andrea del Castagno, who longed to be without a rival. Now, although the Van Eycks never kept the discovery a secret, it is certain that Andrea's manner was a hard and meagre one; while the one extant work of Domenico's shows the artist's character to have been gentle and noble, which suits the story.

But before we come to the great epoch which produced Andrea Verocchio, Leonardo's master,—Ghirlandajo, Michelangelo's master, and Perugino, Raphael's master, let us give a word to that great impetuous genius, Luca Signorelli, a fiery soul, who had studied every school, and whose figures bear down on us like a charge of cavalry. He was the direct forerunner of Michelangelo, and his men are gods. He carried foreshortening to new heights, and was a Columbus in art, preferring naked figures, and drawing them with pure antique power and force. His colour has a stern gloom about it; and in all art we know of nothing so Dantesque and terrible as the *Fulminati* or Destruction of the Wicked, from the cathedral at Orviêto. The terrible

rushing out and trample of the figures through the great Dom-daniel gateway of heaven is as tremendous as anything in the Sistine chapel. How dreadful are the wretches with bound hands, sinking backwards through floods of darkness, plunging down, down—deeper than ever plummet sounded—from darkness to darkness!

Mantegna's pedantic, pinched-up antique figures, with their small heads, and Perugino's gloomy hardness and mannered rapture, we must pass over in as dull and hasty a manner as Mr. Wor-num, to get to Bellini, the patriarch of the Venetian school, with which we English have always had so strong a sympathy, and from which we have learnt so much. The Venetian painters were always fond of colour, as we have been. Their style had always a little of the commercial element of luxury in it. The Venetians had always a tendency to portrait and conversational pieces; they had not the pedantic drawing of Padua, nor the historic style of Florence, the daring of Signorelli, or the spirituality of Fra Angelico. Eastern models were common in Venice; Eastern stuffs blazed in the windows; they had sea atmosphere, liberal and numerous patrons, historical tradition, and a picturesque city. From the beginning Bellini's colour was of a jewelled depth and richness; a twilight splendour, not so natural as his pupil Titian's, but even more rejoicing. And now about this time, just as oil, when it was wanted, rose to the surface and displaced the more limited and less practical distemper, engraving—the chance discovery of a Florentine goldsmith—arose to disseminate and perpetuate *the growing art*. With Francia, the quattro-cento painters end. Of this painter's grace and earnest tenderness of passion, the Dead Christ in our National Gallery is a fine example. Beauty and dignity were ever at his easel; and even in his crudeness there is a simple charm. The legend goes that he died of a broken heart at the success of Raphael; but hearts sixty-seven years old are generally rather too leathery to break.

The cinque-cento ideal was not the quattro-cento ideal. The new men were half-religious, half-material. They were, in fact, Mr. Ruskin's horror, Renaissance-men, now painting from the Old Testament, now from Ovid; now Apollo sawing on a fiddle, now Isaiah fiddling with a saw. The last century attained to individuality of form; the present refine upon that knowledge, adding to perfect form perfect colour; to the ideal selection of form, both dramatic composition, and light and shade. Of the higher developments of the new ideal, Raphael and Michelangelo are the types; of the mediators between the two centuries, Fra Bartolomeo and Leonardo da Vinci.

Leonardo, the son of the Florentine government notary, was perhaps one of the greatest Eclectics that ever lived. He was

all but omniscient: he was a great mathematician and military engineer; a sculptor, painter, poet, and musician; a master of botany and anatomy; a gunsmith and ship-builder. Yet he has been one of the great unfortunate men; for his *Last Supper* exists only in copies—and we all know what copies are—and his great cartoon of the *Victory of Piccinino* exists only in Rubens' coarse copy of some half-dozen tumbling figures; while Michelangelo's rival cartoon of *Pisa* is preserved by accurate and careful engraving. His life was a troubled one; for Charles XII. drove him from Milan; jealousy of Michelangelo drove him from Leo X. and Rome; and just as his great period of patronage began under Francis I., Death called him, and he could not refuse to go.

As for Fra Bartolomeo, who first introduced our old friend the lay-figure, he was an ally of Raphael, and imitated Da Vinci. He is one of those grand averages that no one can praise too much; and in no case (and this is a hint for amateurs) is injudicious praise safer.

Michelangelo, the stalwart son of a Tuscan gentleman, was twelve years old when Raphael, the son of the painter of Urbino was born. Raphael was the strongest in gentleness; Buonarrotti the strongest in strength. The one was the fiery Saint Peter, the other the loving Saint John of Christian art. The Virgin's motherly love was the ideal of the one; the other, in his *Last Judgment*, shuns Heaven, and seems more at home with the agony and writhing of the Devil. The one craved for ideal purity and beauty of form; the other, muscular strength; the one would have executed the *Venus*; the other, the *Hercules* of antiquity. Buonarrotti was strong and passionate; Raphael was lovely and beloved by every one. "O happy and blessed spirit!" bursts out Vasari, half in tears as he speaks of him. The Virgins he painted are so innumerable that they are known by special marks—as the pink, the goldfinch, the oak, the napkin, the cat, the fish, the seat, the chair, the canopy, the curtain, the diadem &c. He could never reach his ideal of maternal and divine love; yet he never repeated himself: his colour, though often deep and rich, as in the *Madonna of the Seat* at Florence, was never passionate. In portrait, Titian surpassed him; in sublimity and cyclopean power, he was inferior to Michael Angelo; in drawing, he approached, but never rivalled the antique; in variety, Rubens equalled him; and in finish, the Dutchmen go beyond him. In grasp and width Raphael stands alone: his groups of pictures in the Vatican were epical in their compass. That he should have modified his manner after seeing Michelangelo, is perhaps a sign of confessed inferiority; or, was it rather a proof of Buonarrotti's incapability of growth?

We regard it as the special mark of greatness in Raphael

mind, that Michelangelo did not show—it was always growing, always improving; his last work was his best. Raphael studied the cartoon of Pisa till he grew out of the severity of Perugino; and when he had seen the Last Judgment, he again modified his style. Michelangelo always was in a rage with his work, and was always straining. His men are Titans, his women men, his children small giants,—his creatures' muscles grow through their skin. His figures are painted statues—they are sublime; but it is just because they are always sublime that they weary us. One might be friends with an acrobat, but one would not like him to be always supporting three men on his chin. There is a brag of strength about Michelangelo, which is bullying; there is a religious sentiment about Raphael, which is often monotonous. Michelangelo is intellect, says Mr. Wornum, and Raphael sentiment. It is like the old scholastic distinction between the cherubim and the seraphim—the one knew more, the other loved more. Look at the two portraits—the beardless seraphic face of the one, with the longing eyes and the flowing hair; the other a struggling full face, wide broken nose, strong mouth, crispy hair and curly beard. Remember, too, in judging of their rival fames, that Buonarrotti lived nearly three times as long as the genius of Urbino, and on the other hand, that Michelangelo's best work has all but perished.

Correggio and Parmegiano led the Lombard school to a beautiful but lower ideal than that of the Roman and Florentine schools. They sought not so much the form and expression of Rome, the colour of Venice, or the learning of Padua, or the humble poetry of Flanders. Art grew more Pagan, sensuous, and more voluptuous; sensibility and the power of loving were Correggio's gift, but his tenderness and aspirations were more low and human than those of Raphael. Love and pleasure, the happiness of childhood, he rejoices in, and expresses with the softest interweaving of light and shade. Of his great works, the "Assumption of the Virgin," in the cupola of Parma, is the greatest; and in this he triumphs in all the complications of foreshortening. There is a little picture by this painter, with a white rabbit in it, at Naples, which is a delicious masterpiece of this loveable master.

Titian, never daring in drawing, or very subtle in composition, is the great emperor of colour, of simple grandeur, and of what Reynolds calls "senatorial dignity."—Titian glorified life; and his nobles are lapped in a calm great-minded serenity, such as the abstract statesman and philosopher should wear at the end of life, but does not. He is too grave to excel much in action or in the grapple of passion. In his Peter the Martyr he seems

to attain a powerful excellence, which promises even higher things. But still the siren, Colour, was the Cleopatra for which Titian lost the empire of art, and was content to lose it. He was the greatest man who ever condescended to paint portraits. Beside his old Venetians, as Kügler cleverly says, all modern gentlemen look poor and small. This is no proof, however, of our mental inferiority to those gentlemen, but of our mental inferiority to Titian. In the glorious backgrounds too, taken from his own Friuli mountains, we must not forget that Titian founded modern landscape. Titian moved a king among men. He knew Ariosto; Michelangelo came to see him paint. The pope invited him to Rome, Charles V. to Augsburg. But this image of gold had clay feet; he strove to impress no moral fact; he aimed neither at ideal form, expression, or beauty. His god was colour, and before that beautiful idol he laid down his genius and his life. It is almost a proof of his defects, to find that the weakest parts of his mind were the first to decay. His last work is gorgeous in colour, but is feeble in drawing, and staggering and uncertain in composition.

On the early German schools, Mr. Wornum, in his dry dull way, is careful and exact enough. German art, in spite of a missal-painter here and there, was late in flowering; though even in a romance of the thirteenth century, the writer describes Sir Percival, in so goodly a mass of blazing steel on horseback, that no painter of either Cologne or Maestricht could have coloured anything half so fair. In the quaint, simple, old German books, so delicious and homely in their naïveté, there are mentions of master William and master Stephen, who prayed and thought over their diptychs, or those quaint altar-pieces that open like shutters: they are generally highly finished tempera paintings on gilded panels; their heads grave and noble, but the drawings especially of the extremities, weak and faltering. The scenes are occasionally complicated, but no more resembling the real passionate drama of the later schools than the rough religious comedy of the mystery plays did the stage of Garrick or Kean. There was nothing indeed specially great in the patient naïve school of German art, till the two brothers Van Eyck astonished Bruges by discovering oil painting. The examples at the National Galleries are just sufficient to show us what the Van Eycks were, with their simple timid composition, slow careful detail, never since surpassed, hard cutting outline, and still angular drapery. Who can forget the delicious lucidness of their colour, the wonder of patient finish, inexhaustible to travel over with the eye, and the billowy scarlet of that curious head-dress, that leads us on in thought to Mabuse, Lucas, Van Leyden, and the blacksmith Matsys? Mabuse was in Henry VII.'s court

what Holbein was in Henry VIII.'s, Vandyck in Charles I.'s, Lely in Charles II.'s, and Kneller in William of Orange's.

Look carefully into the round globular mirror in that National Gallery picture of Van Eyck—peer well into its luminous darkness, disregarding the diamond-cut reflection of window and chandelier, and you will see, at certain magic moments, all German art reflected in its round, as in a little world. German art never was led aside by the siren of the ideal: and from it distinctly, with certain side influences from Greece and Italy, all that is real in English art springs. We see Hogarth in Holbein; in his searching truth, austere confession of the vanity of life, and the brittleness of its illusions, in his stern ghastliness and almost sardonic humour.

The great Albert Durer, the son of the Nuremberg goldsmith, was, like Hogarth, an engraver; and, as in the English painter's case, his enemies sought to depreciate his painting by praising his engraving. His mysticism and mannerism still reign over German art, just as Hogarth's influence reigns over us, being as tracible in Frith as in the last young painter of a street scene. The wild northern fancy which in the middle ages, sported in the stone lily flower, and grotesque figures of cathedral capitals, lashed out in German painting in such visions as Van Eyck's "Hell," teeming with devils, Hemling's apocalyptic dream, and Jerome Bosch's purgatorial whirlpools. Durer was also one of the great encyclopædic pioneer minds of art; he was at once sculptor, engraver, painter, and architect. His fingers took in the whole key-board at once. He was hundred-fingered like Thalberg the giant pianist. He was solemn and tender, at once a poet and a mathematician; yet his drapery was pinched and petty, his drawing often archaic, his expression painful and mannered, his colour fluctuating and uncertain. Durer expressed the chivalry of the Maximinian age, and the religion of the Erasmian time. His pictures are comments on the history of the Reformation. Occasionally, Durer expressed in his works all the weird imagination and mysticism of his country. We see hidden under the colours, Richter, Göthe, and Fouqué. "Melancholy and the Knight," "Death and the Devil," are as poetical fancies as the romantic school has produced. A large head of Christ we have seen from his hand is grander than Raphael, and perfectly Phidian in its royal sweep of power. Yet, strange and humiliating contrast, Durer was a henpecked husband!

On the decline of art, Mr. Wornum is vague and unsatisfactory. Believing, as the imbecile always do, that patronage creates art, he attributes decay of art to a Dutchman becoming pope, to the dispersion of the school of Raphael, and to the sack of Rome.

The decay was really the languor after a fever—the ebb after the flow—the weariness after the exertion. Now the hopeless Zuccheri arose, dull Del Sarto, imitative Piombo, mediocre Vasari—a flock of fools, set to work to paint naked dissections and bumpy prize-fighters, which they considered was imitating Michelangelo. The Caracci, at the Bologna school, indeed established a code of laws for successful imitation. In a celebrated sonnet, Agostino Caracci, incapable of originality, advises the clever student to unite the colour of Lombardy with the drawing of Rome, the chiaroscuro of Venice, the truth of Titian, the terror of Michelangelo, the symmetry of Raphael, the grace of Parmegiano, the invention of Primaticcio, and the purity of Correggio. We need scarcely repeat what Mr. Ruskin, the Achilles who tries so fiercely to storm the Academic Troy, has so often said on the degradation of this miserable school of art, that Mr. Wornum, like a true pedantic Eclectic, condemns so gently. Its twilight eclipse of sunshine, its insincere and meretricious religion, the pale neutrality of its colours, the absence of all power, purity, and originality, every loaded London sale-room demonstrates. Unlucky was it for English art that Reynolds, who had early and fatally studied that poor sentimentalist Guercino, did not see the evil of this dangerous school. Eclectic art might have been great but for its turning imitative, and pandering to the wants of a less religious and more luxurious age.

The Eclectics tried to unite impossibilities: they wanted at once the finish of Pope and the fire of Dryden—the grandeur of Homer and the refinement of Virgil. They were essentially tame, imitative pedants. Nature amid their rules was forgotten. They had so much to observe in pictures of dead men that they had no time to go out and observe living nature; so they painted dead pictures, and will be forgotten and despised as they deserved. Yet, even down among these dead idealists, from mere weight of brain, arose some great chiefs: Annibale Caracci, for instance, though often tame and conventional; Domenicheno, cold and unimaginative, though sometimes pure and grand; Guido and Albani, graceful and elegant, but often mere mannered manufacturers.

No wonder then that, sudden and violent as a storm, broke out in volcanic, irritable Naples, the new and rival school of the Naturalisti. From this repulsive school, after many filtering, our English art has drawn many of its inspirations, though it is difficult to see Ward's French scenes in the strong yellow light and black darknesses of the mason Caravaggio and the Spanish murderer Ribera. Wander out of the irritable heat of a Neapolitan day into the cellary coolness of the National Museum, at Naples

and shudder at the revolting slaughter and the loathsome ruffians. These Naturalisti, sick of the platitudes of the Caracci (the tailor's sons), loved to paint, dagger in hand. If devils ever painted, here are their works. What sensual, thievish, suffering faces!—what purgatorial scenes of human wrath and violence!—all pointing to Ribera dying poor and unknown, and to Caravaggio expiring of rage and broken-hearted at one of the gates of Rome. Not waiting to notice the vulgar boldness of Lanfranco, and the plastered insipidity of San Ferrato, Carlo Maratti, and Carlo Dolce, we come to Rubens, who springs indirectly from the Naturalisti, borrowing their sensual colour, daylight colour, and truthful but coarse drawing. Motion, vigour, and colour were the Fleming's special gift: as Fuseli says, his figures sweep by you in a "gulf of colours;" often redundant, often vulgar. Rubens was the florid genius of the Renaissance. His energy is boisterous, and his talent turns too often to a sort of decorative flood of fancy without motive. Mythology and Scripture, all Christian and Pagan tradition and creed, Rubens ransacked and distilled into gold, filling with their revived visions halls, palaces, and churches. He paints like a king, and from his school great painters went forth to rule over newly-discovered countries and newly-conquered provinces, like proconsuls from the throne of the Caesar.

In portrait-painting, in which Raphael, and indeed all the old masters attained certain triumphs, Vandyke rivalled Titian, Giorgione, and Del Piombo. He is more flimsy, and less deep and thoughtful; he has less force, and is sometimes cold, flat, or feeble. Vandyke has ground into us a deep conviction that the Charles the First's nobles he painted were the most perfect gentlemen who ever lived. The self-respect, the quiet, easy, and almost playful dignity of those Cavaliers of his, in their buff and blue, has never been surpassed. The painting is not impatiently strong, but almost feminine in its subtle delicacy. Our Gainsborough (except in his strongest picture—"The Blue Boy," and his bewitching queen of womanhood—"Mrs. Graham,") is a mere flimsy dilution of Vandyke, his great model as far as light and shade, and the structural power of modelling go. Pure daylight has only just begun to be painted by our P.R.B's., whose trick of red hair, protruding chins, and small salad vegetation has hitherto, with all their talent, so grievously de-luded the art-world of all studio dim conventional light, once thought indispensable to art. —Rembrandt's is the most artificial and the most delicious: in system of a centre light, rendered a jewel of value by a surrounding ocean of harmonious and semi-transparent darkness, Rembrandt has never been surpassed. Da Vinci could round a limb as well, Correggio track the

softest shadow over its surface into every curve and dimple, but the miller's son alone hurls his sunbeam at the bull's-eye of his picture, and fixes it there like the burning arrow of Virgil. He smeared his oil over a golden ground, says Hazlitt; he was the most vulgar of draughtsmen, the most ideal of colourists. His ideal colour has delighted generations, but it never produced a successful imitator; and if it had, he must have been a ruined man, for nature is not Rembrandtish, except in cellars and other exceptional places. No doubt, however, in roughly laughing at the ideal, like Hogarth, he did in his day much good; and he at least added to the palace of art one beautiful though dark chamber. But we must leave Dutch art—Gerard Dow, with his needle brushes, and Teniers with his acute silveriness, Backhuysen with his grey skies and rough seas, and Both with his spotty lights, &c.

As for Spanish art, Mr. Wornum is so crude and brief in his remarks about it, that we scarcely think it worth while to follow him over the field. He misses Murillo's religious sentiments, and Ribera's fanatic violence; Cano's purity, and the painter-like dash of Velasquez. As for French art, from the beginning it has been stiffly classical. The great outburst of national enthusiasm in the time of the Consulate, redeemed it in some degree from the theatrical grace of Watteau, and the vapid voluptuousness of Vanloo and Bordone. Poor Leopold Robert devoted himself to describing on canvas modern life in Italy, its contrast and romance. Greuze, before this, had opened the way to modern French sentiment. Gericault's *Medusa Wreck*, though hideous as carrion in colour, in 1819, led the French art, by its passionate dramatic action and situation, painful almost to melodrama, to the modern romantic school of subjects, in which Delaroche (Gros's pupil), attained such triumphs. Less facile, vigorous, and dashing than Vernet, he excels him in dramatic intensity, particularly in his "Death of the Duc de Guise;" his "Crossing the Alps" is a singular contrast with the same subject as painted by David. Genre pictures, like this and "the Duel" of Gerome, show that genre may be the highest art; for, though the true definition of high art is the highest rendering of the highest subject, we can also see that a mean thing treated highly, is higher than a high thing treated meanly. For instance a plum, painted by William Hunt, is higher art than a Christ entering Jerusalem daubed by Haydon.

With Hogarth began English painting.—He, the poor engraver's apprentice, has left us a wonderful panorama of Watpole's age. He first really tried to paint the novel—to produce the stage on canvas. Wholesome art, but whether pleasing

not he, the sturdy little man, did not much care. At the same time Wilson rose up to found idealized landscape; which Gainsborough, in a brown skirmishing way, full of grace and feeling, but careless and sketchy in manner, carried much further, by confining himself to English landscapes which no one would buy. Then came Reynolds, to lay down critical laws for us, and to prove that a great English portrait painter might exist, who could unite the solidity of Titian to the grace of Vandyke. As for poor tame West—industrious enough, and lucky enough, but no genius—he too helped to break the swaddling-bands from young Art; for he had the courage, in his “Death of Wolfe,” to paint that general in a tail-coat, and not in a toga. Fuseli showed us the capers and gymnastics of art; and Opie lent us some coarse power and violent expression.

Poor wrong-headed Barry split on the same rock as Haydon afterwards did. Believing the sublime must necessarily be the large, he forgot that the large is not necessarily the sublime. But after all, with all our struggles and hopes, we must not forget that it is in the Dutch school, headed by Hogarth as a satirist and teacher, and Wilkie as a storyteller and sketcher, that our nation has hitherto chiefly excelled. Large pictures will not sell, and classical pictures will not sell. We have no room for them: the mercantile world do not know the classics, and do not understand the pictures. There are no longer rich monasteries to buy large pictures, and in our churches they are forbidden. But though, *ceteris paribus*, a small picture never can be so sublime as a large one—size being one of the most obvious and best-known elements of the sublime—the largest mind may find room to exercise its enchantment almost as well in a small volume as in an epic. There is no fear of the canvas being too small, if the mind is only large enough. We have not yet met with many minds too large for their canvas. We have met a great many too small.

In landscape, from some old Saxon early love, the English have always excelled on paper and on canvas. On paper, too, in a double sense, for water-colours are an English invention: and an English triumph, from the early days of Sandby and Warley to those of the great autocrat of colour—Turner himself. Seascapes we have always produced and always purchased eagerly. We are still making discoveries in the shape and grouping of skies and leaves.

Nor can we conclude without noticing the P. R. B.'s, those children of the last heresy of English art, that latest development of change in the English school. Like all heresies we consider it as a sign of a want, and at the same time of an abuse,

which needs correction: all that is good in it will live, all that is bad we hope will pass away into the grave of bygone Academicism and Eclecticism. It sprang from the German ascetic revival of Cornelius and his crew, and came to us wrapped in the white stole of Puginism. It originated, no doubt, in that Gothic renaissance which Wordsworth began, leading us back to truth, through ultra, and at first rather caricatured, simplicity. It began with splay feet, hideous worn faces, red hair, corduroys, vegetable peculiarities, crimson sheep, worsted-work clouds, and other exceptionable oddities. In its love of chivalry and ecclesiastical romance of a past time, Pre-Raphaelitism is Tennysonian. If it points anywhere, it seems to point, in its cleverest representatives, Ford, Maddox, Brown, Millais, Rosetti, and Holman Hunt, to a sort of semi-Venetian school, with the sentiment of modern poetry illustrated by a Veronese and Giorgione type of colour. At present, in its weaker representatives, it tends to a tinted stained-glass style, in which surface colour is attained at the expense of soundness and solidity. As for their painful finish, we need not much fear it; for, at that peculiar stage of success, when the painter turns manufacturer, all this will be cast off as a slough, and the race of rising P. R. B.'s will soon learn, when they once get out of the hot air of clique flattery, that the great public have no sympathy now for knights in gilded mail, in mystic ladies of Shalotte, in nuns digging graves, or in melancholy princesses sitting at twilight windows, with golden cushions on their laps: they will find that all that antiquarian frippery suits only the drawing-room and the student race, not the wide corduroy world. The large world want the old heart-ache painted; mothers parting from children, deathbeds, lovers joining hands, and all the old humours and passions of the abstract man. A great picture should translate into every language, and require no book-comment to eke out its meaning.

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II.

THE AUSTRIANS AND ITALY.

Les Autrichiens et L'Italie. Histoire Anecdotique de l'Occupation Autrichienne depuis 1815. Par M. Charles de la Varenne. Troisième édition, revue et augmentée. Paris, 1859.

THE famous treaty of Vienna, in too many instances, sacrificed the welfare of nations to the personal ambition of their sovereigns, and aimed at founding a European equilibrium upon the mutual rivalries of the great powers, rather than upon their common interests. In virtue of that treaty, in which the Italians were never consulted—the Austrian yoke has pressed with iron weight upon the Lombardo-Venetian provinces for nearly half a century, a period amply sufficient to afford time for the fusion of the Teutonic and Latin races, and for the softening down and removal of their mutual prejudices and antipathies, if such a result is ever to be brought about by the combined influence of time and political association; but such a result is an impossibility. The irresistible testimony of facts shows it to be so. To-day, the antipathy of the two races is far stronger than it was in 1815; years of oppression on the one hand, and of suffering on the other, have widened the gulf of hatred that separates Italy and Austria. In 1848, the nobles, the middle class, and the clergy, were at the head of the movement for Italian freedom, and their influence pushed on the mass of the people. To-day, on the other hand, all classes, the shopkeepers and the peasantry, as well as the higher ranks, share in it with equal ardour, and a union with the Sardinian monarchy is the cherished hope of the oppressed Lombards. The Austrians, though absolute masters of the country, find themselves compelled to live in a state of quarantine, and to associate only with their own countrymen. No Italian will entertain an Austrian in his house. On the streets, in the cafés, at the theatres, the Austrian officers are sedulously shunned, and *Tedesco* (German) is the deepest insult that can be addressed to an Italian. Forty-five years of Austrian occupation have made impassable the breach that separates the hostile races.

It is worth inquiring why this should be the case, why these antipathies of race should be eternal, and whether there has been anything in the so-called “paternal government,” of Austria, to justify the intense and universal hatred with which it is regarded in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces. The volume which we have placed at the head of this article will enable us to answer all these inquiries. It is written by a legitimist, who cannot be

suspected of entertaining any bias against monarchical government; but who, after a long residence in Lombardy, found himself compelled by the facts constantly falling under his observation, to pronounce the Austrian rule in Italy to be one of the most degrading and detestable tyrannies that ever pressed upon a subject nation. His book is carefully and temperately written, his statements are founded upon official documents; and, after careful verification of the authorities upon which he relies, we deem it important that they should be explicitly laid before the English public, in order that they may learn the real causes of the long-smothered, but now flagrant fires of revolution in Italy.

We cherish a deep suspicion of the final objects of the Emperor Napoleon, who so chivalrously professes to liberate the Italians from foreign oppression; but, after reviewing the notorious facts which we present to our readers, it is impossible to refrain from ardently sympathising with the Lombardo-Venetians in the present strife, and hoping for their emancipation, while the suspicion of an alliance between England and Austria, in order to perpetuate such barbaric tyranny, is a wound upon our national honour and an insult upon our own dearly-bought freedom, which no Englishman will for a moment endure. M. de la Varenne commences by a sketch of the Austrian occupation; and examines how far the legitimate and hereditary rights over the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, so much vaunted by the House of Hapsburgh-Lorraine, are well founded historically, legally, and in the free consent of the people. He shows that, since the ninth century, the name of German has been the symbol of most of the calamities and unjust invasions to which Italy has been exposed; that, at the death of the last Visconti Duke of Milan, the German Emperor did not possess a single inch of Italian soil. That the House of Austria has three times usurped the Lombard provinces, in 1535, in 1702, and in 1815; that the states of the ancient republic of Venice, have been twice seized by her, first in 1797, when she accepted from a French revolutionary general, the territories of that republic, although her own ally, and, secondly, in 1815, when she obtained possession of them by the aid of treason, and flattering promises only kept till she found herself strong enough to break them; and that the Treaty of Vienna, which finally riveted the yoke of Austria upon the neck of Italy, was a gift of the Italian people to Austria, by Russia, Prussia, and England, without, in any way consulting their inclinations, and contrary to their nationalities and their tendencies.

M. de la Varenne afterwards proceeds to examine the "internal government of Austria" in all its branches since the "confiscation of Italy." He does this with great ability, and

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very considerable length, dividing his subject into—1st. Administration and Justice; 2nd. Finance; 3rd. The Army; 4th. Public Instruction and the Press; 5th. Commerce and Industry; 6th. Police; 7th. Individual Liberty; 8th. Judicial Murders and Abuse of Power; 9th. Public Morals: and 10th. The Austrians in relation to the other Italian States. We shall select some of the most striking details from these ten chapters, which can scarcely fail of interesting our readers in the present crisis of Italian affairs. Upon securing Lombardy and Venice by the Treaty of Vienna, Austria immediately set to work to Germanize her Italian provinces as thoroughly as possible, and, for this purpose, substituted for the existing institutions, the courts, the laws, and the judges of Germany, placing the Italians in an inferior and subordinate position. The true government resides in the Aulic Council of Vienna, which regulates everything of importance, so that often men who have never seen Italy, who are ignorant of its customs, wants, and interests, are made its absolute, irresponsible masters. Foreign troops, Bohemians, Hungarians, Croats, Illyrians, occupy Lombardy. The administration of justice, the magistracy, even the professorships in the universities, are filled by foreigners. Then, the venality of the Austrian employés—from the chief judge of the police to the lowest spy who does his dirty work of espionage for two francs a-day—is proverbial. The power of the police is unbounded; it is almost the sole authority which exists; and, as there is no national representation, to make known the feelings of the people, these are only known at Vienna by the reports of the Austrian police authorities, whose interest it is to exaggerate and falsify facts, in order to preserve their own powers in their fullest extent.* The police possess the power of arbitrary arrest, fine, imprisonment, and torture; there is no personal security, criminal procedure is secret, and the accused neither sees the evidence against him nor is he allowed an advocate.† Corporal punishments form a prominent feature of the administration of justice, and even women and children are subjected to them.‡ The magistrates are intrusted with discretionary powers of torture, which give the president of the court the right to employ the bastinado, fasting, and irons against the accused who shall refuse to answer the questions put to him, shall feign madness, or shall persist in his denials in spite of the evidence to the contrary.|| The system of procedure put in force against political offenders is worthy of the Spanish Inquisition. The 377th section of the *Code Pénal* enacts that, under pain of com-

* See B. Giovini, "*L'Autriche en Italie.*"

† See *Code Pénal*, § 337. ‡ *Ibid.*, §§ 17, 20, 21. || *Ibid.*, §§ 363, 4, 5.

plicity, the wife must denounce her husband, the brother his brother, the son his father. Most political offences are tried before a court which is thus described by Giovini:—

“The *tribunal statario* is composed of military officers of various grades ascending from that of a captain. There are Germans, Bohemians, Croats, Poles, &c., who don't understand a word of Italian, or who speak an unintelligible gibberish, and constantly misunderstand what they hear; none of them comprehends the Milanese dialect, which the artisans and all the common people ordinarily speak. As to witnesses, they are the soldiers or the police who have arrested the accused. The judges speak German among each other; the witnesses are interrogated in German, so that there is no possibility of comparing their testimony with the statement of the accused, or rather the comparison is made by means of an interpreter, and that interpreter one of the judges. *The accused having no advocate*, is judged without even knowing of what he is accused, and then only learns it to his surprise, when he is told that he is condemned to be hanged, and *that, in half an hour*, the noose will be placed round his neck.*

Some frightful stories are related by M. de la Varenne of Mazzetti, Zaiotti, and Salvotti, three Tyrolese who were judges of the Austrian State Inquisition. The first of these worthies, in the process against Arrivabene in 1831, being unable to find anything to condemn him, ordered belladonna to be administered to him in his food; the effect of this was, that the prisoner in his delirium allowed a great many extravagances to escape him, in which the state of his country naturally played a prominent part; these were all taken down by the judge and his recorder in writing, and, upon this evidence alone, several individuals were arrested and condemned. In the Austrian courts even-handed justice is unknown. No Italian ever gains a suit against a powerful Austrian official, or against the crown; and, on one rare occasion, where sentence had been given against government, the judges were degraded, and the advocate Marocco struck from the list.

The administration of finance is as bad as that of justice. The Lombardo-Venetian provinces, though forming but an eighth part of the population, and a seventeenth part of the extent of the Austrian empire, pay the third part of her revenue. “Austria, (says Guerrieri) lives by the blood and the gold of Italy.” It is her strong-box, her granary, the field on which her numberless employés, civil and military, come to fatten and grow rich. In 1814, when the Austrians insinuated themselves

* B. Giovini, “*L'Autriche en Italie.*”

into the Italian provinces, Count Nugent, their commander, made great promise of financial reform, which, like other promises made at the same time, have been recklessly broken. The first thing the imperial functionaries did was to empty the public chest. At the Mont-Lombard at Venice, they stole forty millions of francs, and at the Mont-Napoleon, at Milan, a still larger sum. Pensions, rents, the funds of benevolent societies—even though guaranteed by the Treaty of Vienna—were all appropriated, nothing escaped their rapacious clutches. Afterwards, regardless of the promised financial reforms, new and heavy taxes were imposed, and vexatious relics of feudality revived, so that, instead of paying less than formerly, the inhabitants had to pay twice as much under the Austrian rule. Each individual in Lombardy, according to the calculations of the economist Guerrieri,* pays nine livres to the state budget; whereas, even in the most highly taxed of the Austrian provinces to the north of the Alps, each inhabitant contributes only six livres. From sixty to seventy millions of livres are annually sent from Italy to Vienna, none of which ever finds its way back, for everything connected with the clothing of the troops, *matériel* of the army of occupation, &c., &c., is made in Germany; and the result of this is, that one of the richest countries in the world, from natural fertility and the perfection of its agriculture, is utterly miserable, and possesses almost no capital, while its best productions pass into the hands of aliens who spend them in a foreign country. During the last ten years, especially, the exactions of the Austrian officials have passed all bounds, so that not only individuals and families, but even whole towns have been ruined. When Radetzsky, after the defeat of the Sardinians and Lombards, in 1848, found himself once more master at Milan, he hit upon a system of "extraordinary contributions," by which each individual of the nobility and higher ranks of the citizens of Milan, was obliged to pay a ransom proportionate to his fortune; and these he enforced, in spite of the articles of the capitulation of Milan (6th August, 1848), by which he had bound himself to respect persons and property. In this way, he raised, in the city of Milan alone, during the years 1848-9, 23,315,000 livres. Five of the Milanese nobles were taxed 800,000 livres each; and this at a time when the maintenance of the Austrian garrison cost the town 100,000 livres daily. Radetzsky's subordinates in the other towns imitated the rapacity of their chief; and the forced contribution throughout Lombardy, in 1848-9, produced 140,000,000, whilst Radetzsky and his staff are said to have divided amongst themselves the pretty little

* Guerrieri, "*L'Austria et la Lombardia.*"

sum of 50,000,000. All the Austrian generals then in Italy became rich; and one of them—General Gorzkonski, who died Governor of Venice in 1855—left a fortune of 12,000,000 francs. Since 1849, enormous forced loans have been repeatedly raised by Austria in her Lombardo-Venetian provinces, in some cases amounting to more than 100,000,000 in a single year; and the result has been, that the landed proprietors are almost ruined; an estate worth 2,000 livres a year, yields but 400 to its possessor, owing to the pressure of the taxes; the value of land has everywhere decreased, and judicial sales are of constant occurrence.

“In truth,” says M. de la Varenne, “ruin strikes especially the landed proprietors. Property also has singularly diminished in value throughout the realm. In the province of the Valteline a number of estates are absolutely unable to pay the excessive taxation, and are daily sold by auction, God knows at what price! In the other districts, Brescia, Bergamo, the high Milanese, Cremona, Verona, Vincenza, Padua, countries formerly exceedingly rich and fertile, land brings scarcely anything, and judicial sales have never been so frequent, a strong symptom of the state of affairs. In fact, the revenue yielded by land not being sufficient to pay the taxes and maintain the proprietors, they are annually compelled to borrow upon their estates, and end by being obliged to part with them. Capital has disappeared from a country so little secure. There is a singular scarcity of money. Properties of the middle size no longer exist, and, as to the rest, we may say with truth, that, to-day the proprietors of the soil, large or small, are more or less ruined.”

We now come to consider the Austrian army in Italy. No servitude is felt to be more galling by the natives of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, than their compulsory enlistment under the banners of Austria. Many circumstances combine to produce this feeling. The discipline is severe, the punishments bloody and atrocious; and the Italian conscripts are sent to spend the best years of their lives in a foreign country; for Austria well knows the hatred which her tyranny has inspired, and never leaves any considerable force of Italian troops in Lombardy. Only two or three native regiments remain in Italy; the others are distributed in her northern capitals, Buda, Prague, Vienna. It is by this astute policy alone, that Austria keeps together her marqueterie empire, composed of so many different nationalities; placing race against race—the Croats and Germans against the Italians, and the Italians against the Hungarians; and thus, in 1848-9, she made use of her Italian regiments to quell the insurrection in Vienna, Prague, and Hungary; and of her Hungarian and Bohemian troops, to crush the rising in Italy.

When Austria found the possession of the Italian provinces secured to her by the Treaty of Vienna, she lost no time in disbanding and suppressing the Italian army, and in putting a stop to all the military institutions of the country. Military schools, manufactures of arms and clothing, cannon foundries, were all put down; and Vienna was made the great centre of administration, military as well as civil. But the conscription, whose abolition had been promised, was not only retained, but rendered much more severe. Instead of two men, three were taken, and the small Lombardo-Venetian provinces, with scarcely five millions of inhabitants, were compelled to furnish 60,000 men to a service which they detested, and in which they were, and are constantly exposed to arbitrary corporal punishments, at the hands of all their officers, from the corporal upwards. Add to all this, that, for the Italian conscript in the service of the "paternal government" of Austria, there is no hope, no possibility of advancement, and it is very easy to believe the truth of our author's assertion, that Austria has no such mortal enemies among her Italian subjects, as those who have endured eight years of her military service, and have afterwards returned to their homes. The following instance of wanton cruelty—one out of many—will convey some idea of the savage treatment of which the Italian conscripts are too often the victims:—

"My excellent friend and brother in arms," says our author, "the Commandant Eugène Carini, one of the heroes of the defence of Venice, a man not less distinguished as an able writer than as a brave soldier, and at present residing in Paris, was *eye-witness* of the following fact. He was, in 1838, cadet in an Austrian regiment of chasseurs, and was on the march from Treviso to Verona with a detachment of his corps, when they met a body of infantry, which they joined. That detachment was composed of Italians; there was among them a poor little conscript, quite pale and thin, who dragged himself painfully behind the others, and who was truly a pitiable sight, so much did he appear exhausted. The poor fellow was evidently suffering under one of those garrison fevers, which young soldiers take so readily in the Austrian service. Collecting all his strength and courage, he hastened his steps for a moment, and approached the lieutenant who commanded the little troop, in order to obtain the favour of being allowed to mount the baggage-waggon. The Austrian examined him with a stern air, then, summoning an assistant-surgeon who marched a considerable distance in front of him, he thus accosted him, 'Eh! doctor; here's a fellow who pretends not to be able to march: will you come here and see him?' The second German, annoyed at having to retrace his steps, felt the pulse of the conscript; then repulsing him with indignation, exclaimed, 'The fellow does not choose to march! Well, then, to give him strength, order him twenty-five strokes of the stick; I warrant you

that he will then run.' 'Hallo, the drum and a corporal!' cried the lieutenant; 'strip that animal, place him on the drum, give him twenty-five strokes, and take care you strike hard.' The poor victim became of a deathlike paleness. He was so exhausted that he suffered himself to be seized and placed upon the drum without a murmur. The unfortunate uttered but a single word, 'My mother!' at the first stroke. When the punishment was over, and they went to raise him, *he was dead.*"

Besides the conscription, the Austrians have another and peculiar method of recruiting the ranks of their army, by arbitrarily arresting any young men, students at the Italian universities especially, suspected of entertaining liberal ideas, and compelling them to enter the imperial service as common soldiers. If they refuse to put on the Austrian uniform, they are beaten by a corporal until they yield. Of this phase of the "paternal government," our author furnishes a number of instances, and his testimony upon this point is corroborated by many unimpeachable authorities, among others by that of M. Anatole de la Forge, who tells us that, on one occasion, positive orders were sent from the highest quarter to the authorities of the town of Padua, that every man whose political tendencies or opinions were suspected, should be carried off and enrolled by main force in an Austrian regiment.*

But though the conscription presses with a leaden weight upon the liberty and prosperity of Lombardy, it is not more felt than the irresponsible and insolent tyranny of the Austrian army of occupation, of which Guerrieri gives the following graphic picture:—

"In general the Austrian soldier when he descends into Italy, does so under the fixed idea that it is an enemy's country. And truly the Austrian officers, especially at Milan, treat, and are treated as enemies; excluded from all reunions, shut out from every circle, avoided in public, they revenge themselves by exciting each other to hate still more a country in which they are ever made to feel themselves foreigners and detested. The total separation which exists between the Italians and the German soldiery, prevents from being well known the incredible boastings and basenesses with which the idle and ignorant Austrian officiality seeks to console itself for these humiliations, by every-day recounting stories of the infamy of our women, and the cowardice of our young men. We are not, however, ignorant that the Austrian exults as soon as there is a rumour of any political movement; he demands nothing better than to prove his courage upon a disarmed population, and to give vent to the bile which he has accumulated during so many years. There are, certainly, educated

* Histoire de la République de Venise sous Manin, tom. i.

and enlightened men among these German officers; but they are few in number, no one cares for their opinions, and, from the necessity of their position, they embrace the prejudices of their countrymen."*

The insolence and cruelty of the Austrian soldiery towards the peasantry and working classes are excessive. If a countryman or workman transgresses some trifling order of the police, or gets into a quarrel with a soldier, he is quickly seized upon, conducted to the nearest military post, stripped, and fastened to a bench, while two corporals armed with canes, strike him alternately like smiths smiting an anvil. If he is able to walk on the conclusion of his punishment, he is immediately turned adrift, if not, he is carried at night to the hospital. An Italian servant of M. de la Varenne had, in this way, received thirty strokes of the stick.

The second of the secret articles of the treaty of Verona in 1822, to which Austria was one of the high contracting parties, runs in the following terms:—"As it cannot be doubted that the liberty of the press constitutes the most powerful of the means employed by the pretended defenders of the rights of nations against the rights of princes, the high contracting parties reciprocally pledge their faith to adopt all measures proper for its suppression, not only in their own dominions, but throughout the rest of Europe." Following out the spirit of this article, the Emperor Francis of Austria, in an address to the professors of Padua, used the following language:—"Know, gentlemen, that I care not to have in my empire either learned men or literature, but obedient subjects;" and it is not to be expected that either the press or public instruction can be in a flourishing condition, when such are the sentiments of those possessing absolute power. In all the schools of Upper Italy, children are made to learn, along with their catechism, a little book entitled "Duties of Subjects towards the Sovereign;" on the thirteenth page of which occur the following questions and answers. Question. "How ought subjects to conduct themselves towards their sovereign?" Answer. "Subjects ought to conduct themselves as faithful servants† towards their master." Question. "Why ought they to conduct themselves like faithful servants?" Answer. "Because the sovereign is their master, and because his power extends over their possessions as well as their persons." These questions and answers have been taught in the elementary schools for forty-three years; how

* L'Austria et la Lombardia.

† The Italian word "*servi*," has almost the force of *slaves*.

many "faithful servants," have they made for the house of Austria, let the present attitude of Lombardy reply. There is, unquestionably, an elaborate system of schools—elementary and advanced—crowned by the two celebrated universities of Pavia and Padua; but, owing to the jealous precautions, the avarice, the distrust, and suspicion of the imperial government, they are as inefficient in developing the intellect as the wretched system of scholasticism whose overthrow paved the way for the Reformation. Children and youths may become familiar with the history of China, but of the history of modern Europe, of that of Italy especially, they can learn nothing; then, at the universities, the Professors are chiefly chosen from among the protégés of the police, and for their subserviency rather than for their learning. The exact and natural sciences are tolerably well represented, but moral and political science is in a state of utter debasement. The subjects of the lectures are inspected and approved of by the police authorities before they are allowed to be delivered, and thus all spontaneity, all force of mind, or play of imagination, are completely extinguished; and it ought to be carefully kept in mind that no better instruction is accessible to the Lombardo-Venetians, for they are expressly forbidden to send their children to study in foreign countries. Most of the chairs in the universities are filled by Germans; one of them, a Dr. Lamprecht, professor of midwifery in Padua, was originally a barber in a Croatian village, and has never even been able to learn Italian, while another, the professor of pathology in the same university, was for a long time veterinary surgeon in a regiment of hussars. One of the ablest writers of the nineteenth century, speaks thus from personal observation of the Austrian system of public instruction.

"Not being able to forbid to the higher classes a certain amount of instruction, she scrupulously regulates that which she permits them to acquire. All knowledge would not be good for them; mutilated instruction is only a mockery, an official lie. Have you heard of the university of Padua? There exists of course a professor of modern history; but in order to be sure that his teaching shall be exactly what she wishes it to be, *his MS. is sent him from Vienna*. He is forbidden to alter a single phrase, to displace a single word. And this MS. what does it contain? A long and pompous panegyric of the house of Lorraine. From this you may judge of the rest. However, it must be confessed that the Aulic Council has not yet interfered with astronomy; no order emanating from it has refused permission to the celestial bodies to describe those orbits which the laws of nature assign to them." *

* Lamennais, "*Affaires de Rome*."

The censorship in Austrian Italy exercises a most rigorous supervision not only over the publication of new works, but also over the admission of all works which it chooses to consider of a dangerous tendency. Thus Sismondi's History of the Italian Republic, Daru's History of Venice, Coletta's History of Naples, Botta's History of Italy, Pignotti's of Naples, and our own Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, are strictly prohibited. It is, however, of newspapers that the Austrian authorities are especially jealous. Radetzsky's proclamation of February, 1851, punished the circulation of French or Piedmontese journals with death by the sentence of a military tribunal, and their mere possession, or the neglecting to denounce their possessor, with from one to 'five years' confinement in irons.*

Despotic governments have often greatly increased the material prosperity of the countries over which they ruled, and, in this way, compensated to a certain extent for the liberties which they extinguished. Austria, however, has not offered even this poor compensation to the oppressed Lombards; all the financial and commercial regulations have been framed in favour of Austrian and Bohemian commerce, and to the great disadvantage of that of Italy, which, since 1815, has been systematically sacrificed to promote the interests of the hereditary provinces of the house of Austria. At the time of the Austrian occupation, there were splendid cloth manufactories at Como, Gandino, and Schio; famous fabrics of arms at Brescia; foundries and iron-works at Bergamo; and many other great and flourishing industrial establishments, which have all been since ruined by the unjust and one-sided policy pursued by the Austrian government. As with manufactures, so with commerce. Venice, once the mercantile queen of the Adriatic, has been sacrificed to Trieste. Her superb port is silted up, her canals are filling with mud, and that romantic city will soon become but a fetid sewer, unless some of the numberless millions which Austria filches from her provinces be devoted to arresting her decay.†

The Austrian police possesses absolute power over the persons, the liberty, the honour, of the Lombardo-Venetians. They interfere with everything, and impose their laws upon all. To them nothing is sacred; neither modesty, innocence, nor the sanctity of home, which they violate by night and day at their pleasure. Property and personal liberty are constantly in peril, since they depend entirely on their caprice or their suspicions. The expense of this terrible police is enormous. Its

* On this subject see Guerrieri, "*L'Austria et la Lombardia*," p. 28.

† See Lamennais, "*Affaires de Rome*," p. 119.

spies are everywhere, in all ranks of society, in every place of amusement. A well-informed writer* has stated the cost of maintaining the spies of the Austrian police in Milan alone at 8000*l.* a month. The lower class of spies who frequent the streets, taverns, and inns, receive two francs a day; the middle class, who haunt the cafés, hotels, and other places of public resort, four francs; the higher class, who appear in the theatres, the houses of pleasure, and the mansions of the rich citizens, ten francs; while the spies of the "great world" can make their own terms by the month or year. It is impossible to imagine any system more calculated to degrade and demoralise the whole tone of society; for these spies are the worst of mankind, and yet the happiness, the honour, and the life of respectable citizens are absolutely at their mercy. We have said that the Austrian police penetrates everywhere, and that nothing is exempt from their control. The professors in the advanced schools and in the universities are compelled to furnish them with a monthly report upon the sentiments of their pupils, and upon the principles with which they seem to be indoctrinated at home; even the confessors of these establishments are obliged to give an account of the morality and political views of their penitents, and every doctor or surgeon who is called in to see a wounded person, must, on leaving the house, immediately furnish to the police authorities a full account of every circumstance connected with his case on pain of forfeiting his diploma. The secret of letters exists but in name, and the work of opening them goes on regularly, and with very little effort at concealment, in the post-office.†

From what we have already said, it may be easily inferred that the inhabitants of the Austrian provinces of Italy do not enjoy either personal liberty or freedom of action; and, in truth, the Austrian government interferes with both in the most vexatious and insolent manner. It is difficult even to leave the town where one lives to go into the interior of the country; and as for a passport to visit foreign countries, you must explain to the satisfaction of the authorities the motives of the journey, the length of time you expect to be absent, your means of support during your absence, give a promise to approach no enemy of Austria, and frequently, furnish a guarantee for your return; and, even after all this is done, the administration reserves to itself the right of refusing a passport. Every subject who leaves the Italian provinces without

* H. Misléy, "*L'Italie sous la Domination Autrichienne.*"

† We might easily multiply examples of the insolence, heartlessness, and cruelty of the Austrian police, but we rather refer those of our readers who wish for such details to M. de la Varenne's work, pp. 190-96.

a regular passport, is declared civilly dead at the end of three months, and all his property is confiscated. If he leaves no property, he is seizable as a criminal on his return, and is condemned to three years of imprisonment with hard labour. The police, without any previous appeal to the tribunals, forbid any one they choose to go beyond the limits of a town, or a place, for a certain length of time. If he wishes to travel ten miles by railway, the Lombardo-Venetian must provide himself with what are termed *papiers de sûreté*, and, while the train is moving, the police-guards go from carriage to carriage, by means of a system of communication expressly established for this purpose, and collect these papers from each passenger; and these absurd and jealous precautions have materially interfered with the success of the Lombard railways. Even when abroad, the Italian subject of Austria does not escape from the surveillance of the "paternal government." He is recommended to the attention of the spies established in every capital of Europe, and woe to him if he commits the least political indiscretion. While abroad, too, the Lombardo-Venetian is expressly forbidden to publish any book, pamphlet, or letters to journals, without the previous examination and permission of the Imperial government. There is no spot of earth where the iron weight of Austrian despotism does not press upon him; and, to escape from its pressure, he must condemn himself to perpetual and hopeless exile. Arbitrary arrests are constantly resorted to by the Austrian police. In the years 1820 and 1821, they made no fewer than 8000 arrests without any form of justice, and solely upon their own authority; and, since 1848, about a fourth of the population of each town has individually experienced the effects of this abuse of power.

The chapter devoted by M. de la Varenne to the examination of the judicial murders and abuse of power chargeable upon Austria, is a dark and melancholy one. It has been beautifully said by Chateaubriand, "The earth drinks in silence the blood of battle fields, but peaceful blood spouts groaning towards heaven. God receives and avenges it." If so, a fearful reckoning is yet in store for the house of Hapsburgh. General Pietro Coletta tells us that, during thirty years, "100,000 Neapolitans have perished by every kind of death in the cause of political freedom, and for the love of Italy;"* and, in Austrian Italy, where a kindred spirit animates the government, matters have been but little better. Between the 6th of August 1848, the date of the triumphant return of the Austrians to Milan, and the 22nd August of the following year, the official records show a total of

* History of the Kingdom of Naples, translated from the Italian by S. Horner, vol. ii. p. 471.

961 capital sentences, regularly pronounced and executed against Lombardo-Venetians. In the autumn of 1848, the steward of Councillor Rampini and his eldest son were shot at Milan, while the younger son, being under age and not being convicted of any crime, was beaten to death with sticks. In October of the same year, three Milanese were shot for having responded to the provocations of three Hungarian soldiers disguised as police. The Abbé Pulcina was shot at Brescia about the same time, and another priest at Mantua, merely for having expressed liberal opinions. To have a weapon of any kind, in the house or on the person, was certain death. At Brescia, a butcher was sent for outside the town to kill an ox, and went, bearing along with him the implements of his trade, mace, knife, &c. On his return, he was arrested by the patrol, and, in spite of his protestations that he was a butcher, and that there was no order against butchers carrying their implements along with them, was forthwith tried, condemned, and shot. At Lodi, 28th February, 1849, a native of the place was beaten to death for having allowed some insulting expressions to escape him when maltreated by an Austrian officer. But the most disgraceful and flagrant instance of tyranny remains to be recorded. On the 18th August, 1849, the anniversary of the birth of the late emperor, which was kept with great pomp by the Austrians in Milan, a courtesan named Olivari had attached to the balcony of her house an Austrian flag. This house was in one of the most frequented streets of Milan, opposite the *café del Mazza*, and the crowd hissed in passing it; upon which several patrols and a number of officers, who had apparently been lurking in the neighbourhood, instantly rushed to the spot, seized indiscriminately on the passers by, and carried them off to the castle, where a military tribunal was quickly assembled, which first released the foreigners and public functionaries, and then proceeded to try the rest of the crowd of prisoners, all, be it observed, Italians. They were speedily condemned, seventeen to the bastonnade, from twenty-five to fifty strokes each, and three to various periods of imprisonment in irons. Among the former class, were an advocate, a painter, two landed proprietors, and two students, and *Ernesta Galli of Cremona*, and *Maria Conti of Florence*, both opera singers, the first twenty, and the second eighteen years old. They were sentenced, the former to forty strokes of the stick, and the latter to thirty. All the sentences were immediately executed in public, in the open air, in the court of the castle, the Austrian officers looking on and laughing the while. The punishments were carried out to the letter; all the sufferers were severely injured, and the two poor girls especially, were long time before they recovered from the effects of Austrian

brutality. The military commandant of Milan, subsequently sent in an account of 191 francs to the municipality "for the expense of ice," (applied to the mangled flesh of the victims in order to prevent gangrene) "and of rods used and broken in the punishment of the seditious of the 18th August."* Finally, the marshal ordered the town of Milan to indemnify the courtesan Olivari, by a gift of 30,000 livres. The melancholy necrology of this gloomy chapter on judicial murders and abuse of power is closed by our author with the case of the Count Montanari, and five of his relations, accused, as usual, of conspiring with Mazzini, and summarily condemned to be shot. Moved apparently by the frantic entreaties of the wives of these unfortunates, Marshal Radetzky promised "that not a drop of blood should be shed." He kept his word by *hanging* the whole of them.

The Austrians have sedulously endeavoured, especially since 1848, to set the rich and poor among the Lombards at enmity, and thus prevent that union which might render them dangerous. When, in March 1849, the French minister at Turin went to the camp of the victorious Radetzky to solicit a change of system towards Lombardy, and the proclamation of a general amnesty, General Hess, the chief of the staff, thus answered him—"Never! It would not be conformable to Austrian politics to pardon rebel subjects; their punishment ought to be not death but misery. The people love us; the nobles, the rich proprietors, detest us; they must then be annihilated."

With regard to the paramount influence of Austria in the affairs of the whole Italian peninsula, there can be but little doubt, and as little of her disposition to interfere with armed hand on the slightest and most trivial pretexts. At the smallest semblance of political liberation, she at once steps in, superseding in the most nonchalant and insolent way the sovereigns of the country; hangs, shoots, flogs, and exiles, at her pleasure, occupies places of strength, and levies forced contributions, until she has reduced everything to the state of passive and unreasoning obedience most approved of by her "paternal government." Her conduct in Tuscany on the restoration of the Grand Duke; the sack of Leghorn, in the summer of 1849, by the troops of General Aspre; the judicial tortures and murders at Ferrara and Bologna, in 1853—4, by the Austrian military tribunals, and many other cases which might easily be cited, furnish most convincing proofs both of the extent of her power, and of its withering influence upon political freedom and intellectual progress.

* The words in the original are "*Per spesa di ghiaccio et di bacchette rotte consumate nel castigo dei rivoltuosi del giorno 18 agosto.*"

We have already related so many instances of Austrian brutality, that we shall not advert to those by which they made themselves detested during the revolution of 1848—9. Those who wish to investigate the subject will find ample details in M. de la Varenne's book, and in that of M. Perrens, entitled "*Deux Ans de Révolution en Italie.*" As to the present state of Lombardy, it is subject to an irresponsible military oligarchy, first instituted by Radetzky in 1848, and ever since continued; and the address of the Baron Schultzy, Governor of Mantua, to the municipality of that city gives a good idea of its nature—"My absolute commandment constitutes the only and supreme law; thus all the population and all the authorities have nothing wiser to do than to conform to it without reply."

At the present hour, according to our author, there is not a single partisan of the dangerous doctrines of Mazzini in the whole of Upper Italy; the common need, the universal aspiration, is a union with the Sardinian monarchy. "The immediate union of the whole peninsula, under the chivalrous and warlike house of Savoy, would be the happiness of Italy: such is at least the profound conviction of the author of these pages. Perhaps it is the future which Providence reserves to that nation and that dynasty so well fitted for each other. But, doubtless, we must practically be satisfied to content ourselves with a less result."

And now it may perhaps be thought that we have dwelt too long on the principles and practice of that terrible despotism which, for nearly half a century, has steeped the fairest provinces in Italy in blood and tears. But we have done so purposely, that the resolution of the English people may be formed, to abstain from any unholy compact with Austria. England respects treaties, but she detests tyranny, and if a people rise against such a system of oppression as that we have detailed, she must abjure every tradition of her own history and every instinct of her own spirit, if she lend her mighty power to crush them again beneath its yoke.

We expelled the Stuarts, our legal and hereditary princes, for misgovernment and oppression, and who will now say that we did wrong? And, if the Italians—delivered over by the treaty of Vienna, without their own consent, to the foreign yoke of Austria, after an endurance of forty-five years of grinding, all-pervading, unrelenting tyranny—have now risen and burst their fetters; can we say that they are in the wrong? dare we aid their tyrants? We trust not. An armed neutrality such as has been already proclaimed, such as Austria observed during the Crimean war, is our truest, our safest policy, for the present.

The future we cannot descry. We can, indeed, conceive, though we do not anticipate, such a combination of political events, as may compel Great Britain to enter the field of battle, even as an ally of Austria; but no possible combination of circumstances, no sort of alliance, would justify our country in assisting Austria to rivet her yoke upon the neck of the oppressed Italians. Italy belongs to the Italians. Let them recover and hold their own.

III.

REVERIE AND ABSTRACTION.

THE brain* is the prime minister of the body; he is chief of the police, president of the legislative, and head of the executive departments. In an ordinary government, this would be a more than sufficient monopoly: but in our microcosm, other and even more important functions devolve upon the premier. He is the head of the commissariat, manages the home department, and has direct and uncontrolled sway over all our foreign relations. Yet, with all this, he has time for idleness; and, besides the stated number of hours which he devotes to repose, he occasionally, in working hours, refuses to respond to the claims upon him; and some of the departments, chiefly that of "foreign affairs," are neglected.

In every ordinary act, there are many elements involved; an impression is received from without, and conveyed to the mind; it is there perceived, attended to, and compared with other impressions which the memory brings forward; a judgment is passed upon it, and a course of action determined upon, which, through the medium of the will, is carried into effect; it includes, therefore, perception, attention, and will, as chief elements. Or,

If in the following sketch, the terms Brain and Mind appear to be used interchangeably, it must be understood that no material identity is implied; they are so used for convenience merely, inasmuch as we become acquainted with phenomena of our immaterial mind, only as it can be corporeally manifested through the material organ. So, also, if we speak of will, thought, judgment, memory, &c., as acting sometimes together, and sometimes apparently in opposition, it is by no means intended to signify that these are separate elements of what must be considered necessarily as one and indivisible; only that they are different modes of action of the same essence. In no metaphysical theories are involved; the terms used are intended not to be strictly analysed, but to convey a clear history of certain noteworthy phenomena.

according to laws which we need not now inquire into, an idea is originated within the mind itself; the energy of the subjective impression, on the one hand, and the force of will on the other, determine the amount of attention to be accorded to it; and it is either detained for consideration, or for action (if it be of a nature to require action), or allowed to pass away, most probably leaving an associated thought behind it, to be similarly treated.

Thus attention and will are most important elements in all serviceable thought; and according as these are more or less prominent, practical results will follow the operations of the mind. Sir William Hamilton remarks that "the difference between an ordinary mind and the mind of a Newton, consists principally in this, that the one is capable of a more continuous attention than the other,—that a Newton is able without fatigue to connect inference with inference in one long series towards a determinate end; while the man of inferior capacity is soon obliged to let fall the thread which he had begun to spin." Bacon also places all men of equal *attention* on one level, recognising nothing as due to genius. Helvetius goes so far as to say that genius is indeed nothing but a continued attention (*une attention suivie*). Buffon also speaks of it as a protracted patience. "In the exact sciences, at least (says Cuvier), it is the patience of a sound intellect, when invincible, which truly constitutes genius." Lord Chesterfield acknowledges that the power of applying an attention, steady and undissipated, to a single object, is the sure mark of a superior genius.

Whether we give full credence to all this weight of testimony or not, we are bound to recognise in attention an element of paramount importance, as influencing what is generally called the "train of thought;" and as one which, in appearance at least, and in popular estimation, often makes the difference between a wise man and a fool; and we think it useful to investigate briefly some few of the phenomena of thought, considered in this point of view chiefly, as more or less affected by attention. These are worthy of much more scientific analysis than they have hitherto received; and much empirical observation is still needed. When in dreams, where volitional attention is in entire abeyance, we find that we live months or years in a few hours; we are too apt to be content with saying that these are "the stuff that dreams are made of;" perhaps, never considering that whether sleeping or waking, this is a veritable phenomenon and potentiality of mind,—perhaps more wonderful than our most brilliant waking thoughts. And when we meet with a student so deeply immersed in his problem, or his thought, as to know nothing of the physical influences around,—to be entirely insensible to pain or danger—we have a strong tendency

explain the whole by the theory that he is an "absent man;" perhaps careless of *why* he is absent, and how mind can so influence matter; not clearly recognising that therein is involved one of the most important questions of our nature.

In natural sleep, as before observed, volitional attention is dormant, whilst memory and imagination are thereby allowed to run riot, and to wander in rapid succession over the nearest and most distant scenes, and to represent intercourse with the distant living or dead, without arousing any sensations of surprise or incongruity. Under peculiar circumstances, however, the attention may be aroused to certain objects, or classes of objects, around which then all the thoughts cluster, and towards which all the actions tend; whilst it remains not only indifferent to all other surrounding objects, but is incapable of being attracted to them by any means short of such as will interrupt the special mental condition. Many of the phenomena attendant upon this and allied conditions were investigated recently,* and it was concluded that they were due to an organic *polarity*, by virtue of which the brain became sensitive to certain impressions in an extraordinary degree, remaining insensible to all others, physical or otherwise; in the same manner as the charged conductor of an electrical machine responds only to conductors, appearing indifferent to all non-conductors or electrics; or as a magnetized steel bar is sensitive only to steel, and indifferent to other matters. Perhaps a more apt illustration may be drawn from the horse-shoe bar of soft steel, which becomes a powerful magnet (*i.e.*, polar) on passing an electric current through coils of copper wire around it; but as soon as the current ceases, the polarity is resolved, and the bar presents only the properties of common steel. It was remarked, also, that during the continuance of this polarity, this species of attention, the sleep of the other faculties became much more profound, and more difficult to interrupt by any influence; the nervous influence being so concentrated upon the awakened parts of the organism, that the sensitivity of the remainder was destroyed, or much lessened.

The one remarkable circumstance about all the various and complicated actions observed in the higher forms of somnambulism, is that they occur during sleep, and indicate a special attention of the faculties only to one class of objects, the insensibility towards others being complete. Now we meet with phenomena during the waking hours, which, considered objectively, are strictly analogous to these—they have only a different point of departure. Such are the phases of absence of mind,

Vide "Somnambulism,"—Eclectic, January, 1859.

reverie, and abstraction—all essentially different in nature, yet all presenting the same external aspect; and so far allied as that they depend respectively upon the degree of attention which the will has brought to bear upon certain pursuits. These, one and all, it would be difficult to distinguish by accurate description, from the higher lucidity of somnambulism,—except in so far as the former have originated by a disturbance of balance amongst the faculties during waking moments; whilst the latter commenced by the polarity itself, organically excited during sleep.

It must be borne in mind that, for the complete appreciation of the external world, three things are essential:—(1) organs of the senses in a normal healthful condition; (2) a proper distribution of nervous fluid,* ready to be stimulated by the appropriate objects, as light to the eye, sonorous vibrations to the ear, &c.; and (3) an exercise (more or less under the influence of the will) of the faculty of attention to the impressions so produced and conveyed. All these are obviously necessary; if the first be absent, the negative result is clear: the second is equally essential; and it is with the variations of the third element that we are now especially concerned; and with those changes which these variations induce in the distribution of the nervous fluid. We will notice these under three natural divisions, according (1) as the attention cannot be directed to any one train of thought, but wanders off to any other, defying the efforts of the will to restrain it; (2) as it is voluntarily surrendered up, and the fancy or imagination allowed, or even encouraged to roam amongst things known or unknown, things in heaven, and things on earth; and (3) as the attention is firmly fixed on one train of thought, to the exclusion of all others, and to the ignoring of all external influences. All these present the same external aspect; all are classed popularly under one head—that of “wool-gathering,” or some analogous expression; yet, whilst the first form is the characteristic of the feeblest and most inefficient intellects, the second is the great prerogative of poets and artists; and the third, the highest of all, is generally found in the persons of men of intellect the most exalted, of genius the most transcendent. These forms may be known, for convenience, as Reverie, Voluntary Waking Dream, and Abstraction of Mind.

* Here again we would remark that no theory is implied, or to be understood, by the use of this term “*nervous fluid*.” It is used only to express the fitness or adaptedness for appropriate excitement, by any nerve or set of nerves, as thus:—the optic nerve is properly supplied with nervous fluid, when it responds normally to its own special stimulus of light, &c. But by this we no more hypothecate the actual existence of a fluid proper, than we do when speaking popularly of the electric fluid:

1. Reverie is an approach to dreaming or sleep: the attention to surrounding objects begins to fail; and instead of being fixed on what is passing, is wandering over a thousand vague and imperfectly connected ideas. It is common, as Dr. Mason Good remarks, "at schools and at church; over tasks and sermons; and there are few readers who have not frequently been sensible of it in one degree or other." Who has not often read page after page of a book, of which either the matter has been uninteresting or the style repulsive, and suddenly discovered that the reading has conveyed no ideas to the mind? Who has not often in succession taken out his watch to see the time, and put it back without acquiring the knowledge, though he has gazed most wistfully at the hands? We may talk to a person in this state, and his ears will gather in the sound; but the mind does not interpret it into ideas; he may be obscurely conscious of our presence, but we serve only as a starting-point for some weak chain of associations, which end—probably nowhere. He listens to a grave discourse with an apparent attention most profound and edifying; and at the most affecting part, his train of thought has led him possibly to some ludicrous association, and he breaks into uncontrollable laughter.

All men are, at some time or other, more or less experienced in this state; it almost invariably precedes gradual sleep; often occurs for a short time before awaking. At other times it is productive of results amusing enough; but it must be remembered that those minds of which this has become the habitual and incurable condition, are in the most pitiable state of unfitness for all those high purposes of knowledge and reflection, for which our marvellous powers were bestowed upon us. Things the most important and the most sacred equally fail to fix his attention; and, in a more than usually significant sense, trifles make up the sum of his existence.

An extreme case of Reverie is related by Sir A. Crichton, concerning a young man of good family, and originally sound intelligence, in whom errors and defects of education had induced an almost unconquerable and constant absence of mind. He would sit for the whole day without speaking, yet without any signs of melancholy; for the play of his countenance, and his occasional laughter, showed that a multiplicity of thoughts were passing through his mind. He would sometimes begin to speak, but break off half-way, having completely forgotten what he wished to say; yet when thoroughly aroused, he manifested no intellectual feebleness; and could judge correctly on any matter to which he could be induced really to attend. Most probably, in this case, an original defect aided the faulty mode

of education. This extreme form of inattention, or rather inability to attend, may occur temporarily as a morbid condition, as in the well-known case of Mr. Spalding, who, in attempting to write a receipt, could not by any possibility form the correct words; and finally, after long and arduous effort, discovered that he had written "fifty dollars, through the salvation of Bra—." This is generally, as in the instance related, the result of overstrained attention; the faculty is exhausted, and will work no more.

2. Voluntary waking dreams result essentially from the voluntary surrender of the influence of the will and attention; the imaginative faculties being allowed undisturbed play. Macnish observes that "young men of vivid, sanguine temperament, have dreams of this kind almost every morning and night. Instead of submitting to the sceptre of sleep, they amuse themselves by creating a thousand visionary scenes. Though broad awake, their judgment does not exercise the slightest sway, and fancy is allowed to become lord of the ascendant. Poets are notoriously castle-builders; and poems are, in fact, nothing but waking dreams . . . Milton's mind, during the composition of *Paradise Lost*, must have existed chiefly in the state of a sublime waking dream . . ." By another law, to which we have not alluded, the emotions are more excited in proportion as attention, will, and judgment are dormant; and thus we attain to the vivid colouring of the poet's dream, and the artist's ideal. There is a strong tendency in this form to become morbid, and as uncontrollable as that first noticed; then, from one of the noblest gifts of human nature, it becomes one of its most formidable scourges. Closely allied to this form of day-dreaming, though in one respect different from it, is the Reverie which is characteristic of several forms of religious mysticism. By withdrawing the attention continuously from all objects of sense, the spirit is supposed to become purified, and united with the Deity; and the mystic is favoured with celestial visions. All this is accomplished by directing the sole attention to some object as uninteresting as the point of the nose, at which the Fakirs squint horribly, "until the blessing of a new light beams upon them." "The monks of Mount Athos," says Dr. Moore, "were accustomed, in a manner equally ridiculous, and with the same success, to hold converse, as they fancied, with the Deity. Allatius thus describes the directions for securing the celestial joys of Omphalopsychian contemplation:—'Press thy beard upon thy breast, turn thine eyes and thoughts upon the middle of thine abdomen; persevere for days and nights, and thou shalt know uninterrupted joys, when thy spirit shall have found out

thy heart, and illuminated itself.'” Similar is the practice of the Yogis, as quoted by Mr. Vaughan.* “He planteth his own seat firmly on a spot that is undefiled, neither too high nor too low, and sitteth upon the sacred grass which is called Koos, covered with a skin and a cloth. There he whose business is the restraining of his passions should sit, with his mind fixed on one object alone; in the exercise of his devotion for the purification of his soul, keeping his head, his neck, and body steady, without motion; his eyes fixed on the point of his nose, looking at no other place around.” By this interesting and enlivening process, the soul is supposed to be “re-united to the Supreme.”

All fixed attention intensifies sensation; attention to bodily sensation produces a form of hypochondria; attention to scientific investigation is rewarded by clearer and more accurate appreciation of its truths; but above all, constant attention to the emotions has an overwhelming tendency to heighten them to an incredible and morbid extent. Hence arise many of the strange psychopathies of the present day; and hence we can readily imagine the constant waiting and watching for visions in these mystics, to be attended with the required result, in accordance with the simplest laws of mind. But we pass briefly over this, that we may be enabled to devote a little more space to the third and most important form of absence of mind.

3. Neither in reverie nor day-dreaming is there determined what we have termed a true polarity, *i.e.*, a concentration of nervous force upon one point, attended by a corresponding diminution in all the others. There is certainly observed this diminution, but without concentration; the place of this last being usurped by an exhaustion of the nervous energy upon a multitude of ideas. But in abstraction, the complete and typical form of absence of mind, this polarity is developed. By earnest attention to one point, or line of thought, the whole energy of the mind becomes absorbed in, and expended upon this; and although the senses remain intact, the nervous fluid receives no stimulation from them, and the mind attends to no impressions but such as are connected with the chain of ideas—as are within the sphere of polarity. Then ensues the whole train of phenomena, the odd mistakes, the singular misinterpretations of external objects, the indifference to outer sights and sounds, and the insensibility to inconvenience, or even acute pain, which gain for their possessor the character of eccentricity at least. This, the extreme development of the most valuable faculty of the mind, and that without which all the others, however brilliant, are worthless, is the direct agent in bringing its

* Hours with the Mystics, vol. i. p. 63.

possessor into the most absurd and troublesome dilemmas; and continually suggests the close association between great wit and madness. The most characteristic illustrations are found amongst names which have made the world's mental history. Archimedes was at the taking of Syracuse so absorbed in a geometrical problem, that he merely exclaimed to the soldier who was about to kill him, *Noli turbare circulos meos*. Newton's absence of mind is well known: he frequently forgot to dine, and it is said he on one occasion used a lady's finger as a tobacco-stopper. It is said that Joseph Scaliger was so engrossed in the study of Homer during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, that he was only aware of his own escape from it on the next day. Carneades had to be fed by his maid-servant, to prevent him from starving. Cardan was wont, on a journey, to forget both his way and his object, and could not be roused from his thought to answer any questions. Alcibiades relates of Socrates that he once stood a whole day and night, until the breaking of the second morning, with a fixed gaze, engrossed with the consideration of a weighty subject; "and thus (he continues) Socrates is ever wont to do when his mind is occupied with inquiries in which there are difficulties to be overcome. He then never interrupts his meditation, and forgets to eat and drink and sleep—everything, in short, until his inquiry has reached its termination, or, at least, until he has seen some light in it." The mathematician Vieta was sometimes so absorbed in meditation, "that he seemed for hours more like a dead person than a living, and was then wholly unconscious of everything going on around him."* The great Budæus forgot his wedding-day, and was found deep in his Commentary, when sought up by the party.

The forgetfulness of time is a very common event during abstraction; of this the instance already given of Socrates is almost equalled by that of a modern astronomer (quoted by Dr. Moore) who passed the entire night observing some celestial phenomenon; and being accosted by some of his family in the morning, he said—"It must be thus; I will go to bed before it is late."

Perhaps the insensibility to pain is the most remarkable of all the phenomena connected with abstraction. Pinel relates of a priest that in a fit of mental absence, he was unconscious of the pain of burning; the same is stated of the Italian poet Marini. Cardan relates something analogous concerning himself. Cases like these might well leave some doubt in the mind as to their authenticity, had we not analogous facts sufficiently illustrative of their possibility. Thus in Mr. Braid's hypnotic

* Sir William Hamilton.

(or sleep-producing) process, which consists only in fixing the sight and the attention on one point for some time, a deep sleep is induced, during which much pain may be inflicted without producing any signs of suffering. In this case, as in that of extreme abstraction, the attention so directs the nervous fluid, energy, excitability, or whatever we please to call it, in one direction, that it responds to no other stimulus, until the polarity is naturally resolved or forcibly broken.

The absent man is looked upon with a very different degree and kind of appreciation by the man of the world, the poet, and the philosopher; whilst the former only sees in abstraction a subject for burlesque and ridicule, the latter recognises in it a great and important faculty, mysterious and worthy of investigation; and the poet revels and glories in the gift as something divine. Budgell in the *Spectator* (No. 77) represents Will Honeycomb as throwing away his watch instead of a pebble into the Thames. "While you may imagine he is reading the *Paris Gazette*, it is far from being impossible that he is pulling down and rebuilding the front of his country house." Bruyère in his "Characters" gives a graphic but somewhat coarse sketch of a similar character, in which he is supposed to swallow the dice and throw his glass of wine on the table; and many other equally absurd acts, wherein nothing is seen but the ridiculous aspect of the mental condition. How different is the same phase of mind described by Cowper, in lines which contain so many of the noteworthy points of reverie, that we quote them entire.

"Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial powers,
That never feel a stupor, know no pause,
Nor need one; I am conscious, and confess,
Fearless, a soul that does not always think.
Me, oft has fancy, ludicrous and wild,
Soothed with a waking dream of houses, towers,
Trees, churches, and strange visages, expressed
In the red cinders, while with poring eye
I gazed, myself creating what I saw.
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps, and is refreshed. Meanwhile the face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of deep deliberation, as the man
Were tasked to his full strength, absorbed and lost."

But Sir Walter Scott, great wizard equally in prose or verse, gives by far the most life-like and attractive representation of the abstracted man; with just that slight artistic soupçon of caricature, for want of which a photographic portrait always fails to convey a perfect idea of the original. What can be more admirable than

the picture of the *distract* Dominie Sampson, with his ungainly figure, his child-like simplicity, his pro-di-gi-ous er-u-di-tion, as he would call it, his tender affectionate heart, and his endless uncouth *gaucheries*? Who that has once seen him, can ever forget him; or remembering, fail to love him?

But it is in the person of Mr. Cargill, in "St. Ronan's Well," that we meet with a sketch the most accurate and philosophically true that we have ever seen of mental abstraction. From the original cause, to the most minute details in the results, all is correct; the utter absorption in one train of ideas, the insensibility to all others, the imperfect awakening to practical life when the familiar sounds of "distress" and "charity" partly arouse the old instincts, even as the sound of a man's own name will sometimes break the chain of ideas, when a pistol fired at the ear would fail to do so; the dream-like absence of surprise at anything which chimes in with the current idea, however strange the source, the incapacity to be recalled completely, except through the emotions; all are admirably represented. We are tempted to quote one scene: Mr. Touchwood, a rich testy old gentleman, finds himself in a country place in want of company, and resolves to call on the minister. After much difficulty in obtaining admission, he gets into the student's room, but when there, appears to be as far from his real purpose as ever; for no noise that he can make will attract his attention. At last he speaks to him, explaining that he is in "distress for want of society," and begs him "in Christian charity" to give him a little of his company. Mr. Cargill only heard "distress" and "charity," and "gazing upon him with lack-lustre eye," quietly thrust a shilling into his hand. To this Mr. Touchwood demurs, and by degrees so far arouses Mr. Cargill's attention that he believes he has the pleasure "to see his worthy friend Mr. Lavender." When this hypothesis fails equally with the other, he begs permission for a moment to "recover a train of thought—to finish a calculation;" and then relapses into total disregard of his visitor. At length, just as Mr. Touchwood began to think the scene as tedious as it was singular, the abstracted student raised his head, and spoke as if in soliloquy. "From Acon, Accor, or St. John d'Acre, to Jerusalem, how far?"

"Twenty-three miles, N. N. W.," answered his visitor without hesitation.

Mr. Cargill expressed no more surprise at a question which he had put to himself being answered by the voice of another, than if he had found the distance on the map. It was the tenor of the answer alone which he attended to in his reply. "Twenty-three miles! Ingulphus, and Jeffrey Winesauf, do not agree on this!"

Mr. Touchwood's reply is a private commination of these respectable authorities, which arouses the pastor's instincts, though it fails to completely awake him. "You might have contradicted their authority, sir, without using such an expression." Drawn out at length into rational colloquy, and under the promise of much information on the subject of the geography of Palestine, Mr. Cargill accepts an invitation to dine with his visitor; he, of course, forgets it immediately, and on being sought up by Mr. Touchwood at dinner-time, he commences an apology for having forgotten to order the dinner, and proposes milk and bannocks. On the true state of the case being explained, he becomes rather triumphant as to his memory. "I *knew* there was a dinner engagement betwixt us, and that is the main point." He wishes to set off in his old dusty ragged dressing-gown, and remarks in passing, "What strange slaves we make ourselves to these bodies of ours; the clothing and the sustaining of them costs us much thought and leisure, which might be better employed in catering for the wants of our immortal spirits;" a reproach to which he of all men would seem least obnoxious.

We have had occasion more than once to allude, in the course of these observations, to the obliviousness of time in reverie. Sometimes we are unconscious that more than a few moments have passed, after many hours of thought: this is the case in abstraction proper. At other times, as in true reverie, we seem to pass over immense periods of time in a few seconds. A phenomenon strictly analogous to this is observed in dreams, where, as all are conscious, scenes are enacted occupying weeks or months, or years, in as many moments.* Hence we might conclude that our only personal measure of time consists in the observation of successive acts of attention; and when this is dormant, time for us may be said not to exist. But we would venture to suggest that in these cases, both in active reverie and dreaming, there is not so much a succession of ideas, as a simultaneous picture presented, which the mind interprets by a law of its own into the past and the passing, even as the eye interprets the

* Mahomet (*ipso teste*) was conveyed by the angel Gabriel through the seven heavens, paradise, and hell, and held 59,000 conferences with God, and was brought back to his bed, before the water had finished flowing from a pitcher which he upset as he departed. There is another marvellous story related in the Turkish Tales, founded upon this; where to convince one of the sultans of the possibility of this adventure of Mahomet's, he himself is sent in a vision upon a journey which lasts for years, during the instant which elapses between plunging his head into a vessel of water and drawing it out. But these fictions are not necessary to convince any one who has ever dreamed, how much incident, thought, and emotion, may be crowded into an almost immeasurably short moment of time.

distance of the various parts of a perspective, according to the degrees of light and shade therein involved. In a landscape, the most uneducated eye will pronounce the red coat or cloak, or the prominent feature, whatever that may be, to be near at hand; and the dim dusky mountain in the background to be miles away. The ear is subject to similar illusions, and it would not be difficult to prove that the mind itself is subject to the laws of perspective, and *interprets occasionally faint impressions into the fading traces of past experiences*. That the mind has an arbitrary system of interpretation, must be immediately obvious, for to take only one illustration, what can possibly be more dissimilar than the vibrations conveyed through the medium of the auditory nerve to the mind, and the concert of sweet sounds into which the mind interprets them? The same theory, if admitted, will serve fully to elucidate a curious mental phenomenon, which has often been described, but never satisfactorily explained; we refer to that feeling which many experience occasionally, of having witnessed, or taken part in, the passing scene of the moment, at some previous time; as though we had even heard all that is passing before, and could almost predict the next act or word; or as a friend graphically describes it, "as though the play were now being performed, which we had previously seen rehearsed." The explanation which we would suggest is this. Whatever may be the truth as to the duality of the *mind*, there can be no doubt whatever that its organ, the brain, is dual and symmetrical, and constantly receives double impressions or images. Under ordinary circumstances of innervation, these impressions strictly coincide, and convey but one idea to the mind; as the images on the two retinæ convey but one object to the mind, so long as the axes of the eye coincide. But under circumstances of exhaustion, or other influences producing irregular innervation, the one half of the brain receives a perfect, and the other a dim and imperfect impression of what is going forward; and this dim and indistinct phantasm, occurring side by side with the correct image, is interpreted involuntarily by the mind into the semblance of a memory, a fading impress of a long past event.

But this is a digression; and we have now but space briefly to sum up the practical conclusions from these considerations on reverie. We have seen reason to believe that Attention, under the power and command of the will, is the most important of our faculties; inasmuch as without this, all the others are absolutely or comparatively valueless. We have seen the pitiable condition to which the mind is reduced when this faculty is no longer controllable by the will; and also how completely, if over-exerted, it runs away with the entire consciousness; and

makes the subject of it a mere thinking-machine, and one, moreover, which can only think in one direction. It only remains to inquire ~~how~~, and under what conditions, these variations of attention occur and originate.

There appears sometimes to be an *original defect* of the faculty; should this be the case, vain will be all efforts directed to its cure; let this be well understood. Much more frequently, however, a want of the faculty of attention is induced by some of our ingenious devices for the "artificial production of stupidity." Perhaps the faculty is neglected altogether, and, for want of exercise, dies. Perhaps the young mind is compelled to devote exclusive attention to subjects thoroughly distasteful and useless, and for which it has no aptitude; nothing encourages wandering of mind more than this. Perhaps, again, the subjects of study are proper enough, but too numerous for the powers; and the faculty of attention is thus distracted, frittered away, and lost. Again, the faculty may have been acquired and fully developed, but may decay from indolence, from disease, from luxury, and from all debilitating influences. The prophylaxis and remedy against all this is too obvious to dwell upon.

Abstraction proper is most frequently due, as to its origin, we believe, to some want of balance in the human interests of the life in question; probably some lack of outlet for the emotional part of our nature has thrown its possessor upon his intellect as a relief; and upon one branch of study for an all-absorbing interest. There may, however, be an original tendency as in the last case; and it may also occur from voluntary cultivation, or from the impression produced by some scientific or philosophic discovery.

Whatever may be the sources and origin of absence of mind, it cannot be too strongly urged that it is necessary to guard sternly and strictly against its progress, and to use those means which will in the one case promote attention, and in the other, modify its intensity. For diverse as are the forms which we have described, they have a strong tendency, one and all, to terminate in literal and emphatic "*absence of mind*," i.e., in annihilation of the power of thought.

IV.

BABBICOMBE TO HOPE'S NOSE:

A MAY-MORNING WALK.

MINNICOMBE, Watcombe, Oddicombe, Babbicombe! "ferny combes" all. How characteristic of the coast of Devon is that suffix, "combe!" To one familiar with the sweet shire, it tells of a deep cleft in a precipitous sea-wall, a short abrupt valley, with or without a tiny tinkling rivulet in the middle, with green sloping sides sheeted with furze bounded by tall cliffs draped with ivy, and a shingle beach at the bottom. And what a delight it is to roam along such an indented shore as this, when opening spring is just clothing all nature with loveliness, at every turn getting a burst of some new secluded scene of beauty, with the glorious sea ever bounding all!

Let us—you and me, gentle reader, *arcades ambo*, set out together on such a walk; it will soothe our spirits, quicken our pulses, heighten our joy, and, maybe, deepen our gratitude to Him who "crowneth the year with his goodness, whose paths drop fatness."

"O evil day! if I were sullen,
While the earth herself is adorning
This sweet May-morning;
And the children are pulling,
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm;—
I hear! I hear! with-joy I hear!"

Along the margin of a cliff, now steep and sheer, now breaking into an uneven but variously verdant slope, we begin our march, ever and anon pausing to gaze on the smiling scene below. The descent we are just leaving behind, half covered with the gorse and guelder-rose, is Oddicombe, whose white crescent beach lies below, bounded by the limestone promontory of Petit Tor, which divides the huge precipices of red sandstone close at hand from the bluff coast of the same formation that stretches away to the northward; its ruddy cliffs and bold headlands,—Watcombe, the Ness at the mouth of the Teign, the perforated rocks and needles near Dawlish,—gradually fading into blue, as the coast line trends away to the eastward, and is lost to the aching gaze somewhere about the boundary of the county.

It is a lovely scene; and still more lovely is that which meets

the eye as we resume our walk and look down upon Babbicombe beach, where fishermen are overhauling their boats, already high and dry, and the brown nets are spread out on the sunny shingle; and where the whole slope is clothed with shrubberies and hanging woods, with villas and ornate cottages peeping from the embosoming trees, here and there, down to the very water's edge.

And now it is optional with us, whether to pursue our way along the seaward edge of the lofty Babbicombe Downs, or by the highroad, which for nearly a mile is shut out from the sea. We choose the latter, as the more pleasing, and giving us more variety. It leads us through the homely village of Babbicombe, and then through the palatial domain of Henry of Exeter, under the shadow of overarching elms; now between hedgerows and banks bright with spring flowers, now through deep scarps of the slaty rock, dripping and ferny, and crossed with rustic bridges.

A burst of the sea again! Yonder it lies, sleeping under the morning sun. Troubled are its slumbers too: last night's easterly breeze has given it the nightmare, for it heaves and tosses in its dreams like a freebooter with murder on his conscience. 'Tis Anstey's Cove that expands below us—another *combe* of most romantic beauty, whose accessories are of more than wonted grandeur, even on this magnificent coast. But we shall have a better sight of it presently, and therefore we cross this rude stile on the left, and mount the steep slope, threading a narrow path that winds through the luxuriant furze. The eye is almost dazzled with the golden radiance of its sheeted blossom, which is so profuse and so gorgeous, that if Linnæus could awake again and behold it, he would go down on his knees and worship it as he did of yore. The air, too, is redolent with its peculiar fragrance, and scores of aldermanic humble bees are rifling its nectaries. But let us walk cautiously, for on this hill the treacherous adder lurks, and a careless foot is very apt to come down upon the baleful serpent, as it suns itself on the path, especially the gravid female, which, as if aware of the advantage that the warm ray gives to the maturing ova, is reluctant to move from the genial spot. The early purple orchis is shooting up its beautiful spikes of compact blossom, in every nook; and as we rise to a higher elevation, other plants appear—so minute as to be scarcely able to thrust their blossom above the grass of the turf, short and low as this is.

I always like the tiny flowers of lofty downs; so meek and unobtrusive, yet, withal, generally so pretty. There are not many kinds yet abroad; yet here is the little dove's foot crane-
bell, with its notched leaves and sprawling crimson stems, and its

pink flowers; and here the ubiquitous chickweed, with snowy stars. And what is this? Surely one of the bed-straws, as you may see by its spiny-edged leaves, set in many-rayed whorls, and by its fourfold blossom; but this latter, which is almost microscopically small, is of a decided lilac hue. And here, prettiest and tiniest of all, is the early scorpion-grass or hill forget-me-not, its slender stalks set with successive blossoms, all of which have the hues common to this bright-eyed and ever welcome tribe—azure-blue with a yellow centre—except the terminal flower, and that is wholly yellow.

There is the whinchat! listen to his simple but sweet song; and yonder I see him perched on the uppermost twig of that furze-bush—the highest we can see. You may easily recognise him by his speckled back and wings of bright brown and black, his breast of bay, and the white band over his eye. He seems pouring out his soul in song; doubtless his nest is at the foot of that bush, or not far off, where, perhaps, his mate is cowering, listening to his music, and thinking it sweeter than that of all the nightingales in the world. Now, as if his spirit were too buoyant for his body, he springs into the air, and hovering on expanded wings over the sacred spot, finishes his strain. Sweet bird! sing on! thou shalt not be molested by me.

Here we are at the summit, much to the relief of the aching muscles of our legs, and we stand at the very edge of a cliff certainly not much less than four hundred feet high. A wide expansive prospect is on every side. We will sit on one of these knobs of the white limestone, that are everywhere cropping out from the turf, all studded with incrusting lichens, white, grey, black, and orange, and like swivel-guns rotate on our pivots.

Look northward; down, down, the cliff-wall descends perpendicularly for a hundred feet or more, then slopes away a wilderness of shrubbery, with great blocks of grey rock projecting. Here, just before us, is a vast buttress, upright, wall-sided, and round, like a battered castle-tower of the olden time, and like a sheeted, almost from base to battlement, with glossy ivy. Ferns arch out from its crevices, and masses of the curious navelwort with its coin-like succulent leaves, of unusual size.

Ha! like a stone from a sling, out shoots a large bird from the rocky wall just beneath our feet; and with a loud coo another quickly follows. Their form and size, their manner of flight and their colour, seen clearly enough as we look down on their backs—blue, with a conspicuous white rump, and black-barred wings—announce them to be rock-doves, the indubitable stock and original race of our domestic pigeons. Away they go with loud whirring wing, and shoot across the cove to the inaccessible ledges and clefts of yonder precipice. It is by no means

common bird with us ; but a few pairs every season haunt the tall cliffs and caves in this neighbourhood.

How noble is that huge promontory of many-tinted limestone, projected like a Cyclopean mole into the sea ! Great stains of red, the washings of the red earth above, itself the debris of more ancient red sandstone, are seen on the rugged face of the cliff, and at the bluff end, where the "jumper" and the blast of the quarryman have done their work ; having followed the veins and cracks of the stone, and percolated through and through. Whymper has just immortalized this magnificent promontory in one of his beautiful water-colour paintings, and yonder is the grassy cleft where I stood by his side as he sketched it last autumn. It is curious to mark how large a portion of the vast mass has been gradually quarried away ; for a long flat platform nearly level with the water's edge, running out beyond the present sheer end of the wall, and bearing two obelisks of stone strangely preserved, shows the original termination. The demand for limestone, some of which is a beautifully-veined marble, for building purposes in the vicinity and for export, causes a constant diminution of the mass ; and vast as it is, the period is not at all beyond contemplation when its magnificence will be a matter of tradition.

The sea wildly dashes around the impregnable base of the precipice, and rushes with wild roar into the dark caves, and makes mad efforts to scale the wall, but always falls back in foaming rage, ever to essay the assault again, and ever to be repelled by the passive resistance of the "everlasting hills." The pretty secluded cove, with its white pebbly beach, offers a no less effectual barrier to the breaking billows ; they run up, up, up, as if they would take the whole area by storm, but are broken and dispersed, like a charge of cavalry against a wall of British steel.

We lift our gaze to the summit of the great cliff. It is almost as level as a wall, and crowned with a thin stratum of short verdant turf, like that around us. A single coast guard is seen on the solitary height, with a telescope—his invariable *fidus Achates*—at his eye. He looms like a giant, as his dark form is projected against the bright sky.

Turning toward the west, there is the episcopal palace, an Italian villa, with its garden of terraces and statues, and formal lines of cypresses, and parterres of brilliant colours ; and the little old village of Marychurch behind in the distance, loftily seated, and its ancient square tower cleaving the sky. Farther to the south is Warberry Hill, whence a noble panoramic view of Torquay, and much more, is commanded ; the woods of Bishopstowe nearer at hand, with a pretty new village church rising beyond them :

then rounded hills of turf, with a sweet little peep of the sea lying in a cleft between, as in a goblet half-filled; a little glimpse of Torbay, blue and glittering, with many white-sailed craft speckling its bosom.

Eastward lies the sea—the grim sea, the beautiful sea, the many-sounding sea. Ships are swiftly scudding over it, under a freshening easterly breeze, which is covering it with “white horses,” and breaking the sunlight, that pours down upon it yonder, into ten thousand flashing gems.

But in this direction, or at least a little to the south of it, lies our further progress. Let us up and away, over these sloping fields, and through yonder coppice, and along the ridge which slants away to the shore, and ends in those ragged and bristling points of black rock.

Here we enter a quiet path, which is a favourite resort of mine. It is but a foot-track, winding through a thicket, or coppice, or hanging-wood—I scarcely know which to call it, it is all by turns—almost immediately over a most wild and rocky shore. Sit for a moment on the step of the rustic stile! The mellow song of the blackbird comes up from the tangled bush below, so soft, and sweet, and rich; so flute-like, with a charming trill now and then; there is no rivalry; no answering note provokes him to emulation; his melody is soft and low, as if poured forth merely for his own gratification.

Hark! the cuckoo! O sweet cuckoo! O dear bird! thy two simple notes thrill my heart with a power far beyond that of the most perfect melody. It is the very breath of mature spring and early summer; the very expression of the loveliest season, when the year—“*formosissimus annus*,” as Virgil says—is in the very height of its beauty. Sweet cuckoo! thou hast given inspiration to poets age after age, from our early Gower down to Logan and Wordsworth. The quaint, but racy and forcible words of our earliest English poet come to my mind—

“Sumer is icumen in;
Lhude sing ‘cuckoo!’
Groweth sede, and bloweth mede,
And spryngeth the wode nu.
‘Cuckoo! cuckoo!’
Ne swik thu naver!”

An impudent magpie breaks the poetic spell with his harsh cackle, and splutters out of that dark glade. Magpie! nay, magpies! for there are two! of course there are; for who ever saw a magpie, without another at his tail? they always travel in pairs. Hech, sirs, but maggy is a fine bird! I never see him but I fancy I see one of the splendid feathered denizens of

the tropics ; his bold contrasts of colour, his length of tail, and its brilliant gloss of purple, green and gold, belong rather to the solemn forests on the Amazon, or the sultry jungles of Borneo, than our chilly clime. His voice though ! Well, that, I allow, is not melodious ; but the parallel does not hold the less for that.

Just below us is a little grove of ash and stunted oak ; and through the midst of this, which is dark with the united foliage over head, a track leads through the tangled thicket to the rocks beneath. It is just passable, and that is all ; for everywhere it is overrun with briar and bramble, and huge crowns of the male-fern are crowded here in immense numbers and prodigious luxuriance. It is quite a sight to see their great ponds of fillagree-work radiating and arching on every side. Moreover, as the blind path descends, it becomes more and more steep, and choked up with loose blocks of stone ; until at length you suddenly emerge on a great slippery rock, where there are only a few tufts of thrift to hold on by, and the beach yawning some thirty feet below.

But we are not going down to-day. And so, we saunter on our narrow path, now up, now down ; now in the sun, now in the shade ; now beneath an overhanging block of cold rock, where water drips, and where the stonecrop and the navelwort grow, and the many-figured polypody creeps about ; and now under arches of foliage—a greenwood shade—where the sun-ray is reflected from a thousand dancing leaves. For the young trees are meeting and intertwining over our head ; the hawthorn white with blossom, and filling the air with its fragrance ; the sloe, the maple, and the guelder-rose with its snowballs, and the pointed heart-leaves of the bryony, so elegant in shape and so glossy in surface, hanging over every bush, as its long twining stems creep about like a network of living cords, a wild drapery of verdure.

The margins of our narrow footpath, too, are refreshing to the eye. Coarse grass half hides the rough stone ; the pale primrose is everywhere ; the dog-violet, pretty, but, alas ! inodorous, peeps up in companionship with it ; thousands of white stars, like the constellations of a winter's night, mark where the stitchwort sprawls ; the bright crimson blossom of the rose-campion, and the paler ones of the herb robert attract the eye ; hundreds of the greenish-yellow umbels of the wood-spurge give a conspicuous character to the vegetation, and even the dog's-mercury aids the effect, with its light and feathery spikes. But the hyacinth is the presiding *genius loci* ; how compactly do its smooth stems rise in serried rank, each drooping with the weight of its numerous blue bells ! All through the wood, in the tangled briery thicket, and

especially on each side of the path, as far as the eye can see on either hand, there is a dense belt of azure blossoms, reminding me of the ancient Hebrew garment with its "fringes of blue" (Numb. xv. 38). Butterflies are out, rejoicing in the advent of spring: the garden-white flits to and fro amidst the flowers; the speckled-wood dances up and down, in its peculiar jerking way, over the herbage, and now and then a tiny blue flashes out in mazy flight from the groves, seen for a moment, like one of the hyacinth blooms whisked about by an eddy of wind, and then as suddenly lost to view.

How brilliant is the emerald hue of the young foliage! the limp and tender leaves of the beech, and especially those of the ivy, shining as if varnished, almost concealing in their profusion the old olive foliage, that bespreads the gray stone. See those rugged masses, those huge angular blocks, those peaks and obelisks, at some period or other in the past ages, have been looked by rain and frost, and have plunged with mad crash and roar down the slope, burying the shrubs and trees in crushed ruin, till their own descending impulse was arrested. See how Nature is ever asserting its restorative power! "*Naturam expelles furcâ, tamen usque recurret.*" A season or two conceals the damage, and a few years repair it; and then the shrubs and the briers grow up around the hard-featured intruders, and the creepers and ivy embrace them, and gradually envelop their rugged sides and angles, till the intertwining tendrils meet above, and the evergreen drapery presents a continuous surface as before. Already the work is half achieved; and by-and-by not a sign will be seen externally of what seemed at the time horrid and incurable wounds.

But there is a line where the vegetation ends, and gazing down from this steep, the eye at length comes to a broad belt of ruined rocks; fragments wild and ghastly, of all rude shapes and of all dimensions. These, too, have been dislodged from above, and, unlike their more favoured fellows, have plunged beyond the region of shrub and brier, ploughing their wild way through all, and there they lie in chaotic confusion, heaped on one another, without a leaf or blade of verdure to break the bald blackness of that broad belt of ruined boulders. It is truly a "line of confusion, and stones of emptiness!"

The tide is in. The encroaching sea insinuates itself among the masses, rising and falling, and seething up through the crevices, and closing over the broad surfaces, the next moment to fall in green cascades over every side, or covering the black rock with sheets of pale blue and white foam, and tossing around wreaths of feathery spray over the peaks, or shooting up through some narrow crevice a tall jet of water, with a sucking sound and

a report like that of a rifle; while, without intermission, there goes on that melancholy wailing, washing hiss, which is the constant accompaniment of a breaking surf.

And now we have reached the end of our pleasant path. The luxuriant verdure ceases; there is no more shrubbery or coppice; but one or two fields belonging to Ilsam Farm are laid down in grass, and beyond these there is a gentle declivity of down, with its clumps of gorse; and beyond that a low, broad promontory of naked rock.

This is Hope's Nose: the northern propyleon of that indent of the coast called Torbay, as bluff Berry Head is the southern one. Three rock islets lie around this point, like sleeping lions guarding the gate; and on one of them there is that interesting geological phenomenon—a raised beach.

What a picture of utter desolation is presented by this promontory! It reminds me of what travellers tell concerning Sinai and Horeb, and the land of Edom,—*magna componere parvis*,—a great area of weather-stained limestone, split with fissures in various directions, and most strongly contrasting with the soft, wild luxuriant beauty, amidst which we have just been rambling. To add to the ruin, man has been here, too, quarrying; and the great rugged excavations, all coarse and angular, and the heaps of rubbishy *debris* at foot, make it a miserable place to look at. Let us hasten on to the extreme point.

Here is a flat platform of the same gray stone, compact and solid in its own substance, but much shattered and split. Deep narrow clefts, with wall sides, penetrate far in, into which you can look down and behold the sea raging. If it were low water and calm, you would see a splendid sight in these fissures; for their perpendicular sides are studded below tide-marks with various species of anemones, alcyoniums, and other zoophytes,—by no means of common occurrence—in amazing profusion. But the sea penetrates much farther than you would suppose on a cursory glance. Look down any of the irregular crevices, and you will see the sea at the bottom, and by peering obliquely into the fissures, you will perceive that the whole of this great platform is undermined, and actually overhangs the sea.

Other evidence of the same fact forces itself upon us in a somewhat unpleasant manner. The muffled roar of the billows is heard beneath our feet; and at every wave a blow is given to the solid stone on which we are treading, the shock of which is distinctly felt, imparting a peculiar nervous sensation, perhaps not unakin to that produced by an earthquake. We scarcely like to stand here; though the permanency of the area from year to year tells us that there are pillars stout enough beneath to assure our safety. However, we will be going.

Before we leave, I will just indicate the situation of a little rock-pool of peculiar luxuriance, a thorough little tank of marine zoology, a well-stocked aquarium of beauties. It is readily accessible, being placed at the very margin of the extreme point; but so overarched with a projection of the rock, and so concealed by oar-weeds, that it would be very likely to escape detection, unless previous knowledge pointed it out, or accident revealed it. Here it is; but as we are not out anemone-hunting to-day, we will for the present postpone a minute examination. And now we will retrace our steps, musing on what we have seen, and on the love which has made everything so full of beauty. Every scene reflects His glory, every sound is vocal with His praise. Happy the man of whom it can be truly said, in the words of our own sweet Cowper:—

“He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compar’d
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery *all his own*.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspir’d,
Can lift to Heav’n an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say,—My Father made them all!
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That plann’d, and built, and still upholds a world,
So cloth’d with beauty, for rebellious man?” (*Task V.*)

V.

AN EVENING WITH THE MICROSCOPE.

READER, will you spend an hour with me at the microscope? Perhaps you are not a stranger to the wonders revealed by means of this small apparatus—the swarming worlds that these little lenses bring to appreciable light. It may be that you are tired of hearing of these tiny atoms, that find their ocean-world in a drop of water, thousands of which can sport, far apart, in the space occupied by a pin’s head:—it may be that you do not care for these lines and dots of almost inconceivable fineness, that illustrate the delicacy of finish in the minutest details of creation;—it may be that you cannot see how these unimportant-looking matters can be considered as

part of "the proper study of mankind;"—yet I repeat my invitation; and I dare wager this beautiful piece of Powell's workmanship, or that of Ross's, that you may use if you like, against your tortoise-shell spectacles, that unless you have been a very diligent observer, I will show you one or two things worthy of attention that you have not seen before; and that are not without some significant lessons in many important particulars.

You have often heard of the vast numbers of living creatures that crowd our waters; you may have seen a drop of Thames water held up and exhibited to universal execration, as evidently containing more animal and vegetable matter than simple oxide of hydrogen, or water. But did it ever occur to you to endeavour to compute or realize to the mind the countless myriads of living entities, that make the numbers of the human race appear as but a "handful of corn" to the harvest of whole continents? Here is a little bottle, containing about a cubic inch of fluid: it is not a pleasant compound, being only an infusion of putrid flesh; but it will answer our purpose wonderfully. We will take a very minute drop of it on the point of a needle, and transfer it to the stage of the microscope, and carefully (to avoid wetting the glass) bring down this one-eighth of an inch object-glass to bear upon it. Now look, and you will see countless swarms of moving creatures, too small even under this very high power to allow their form to be clearly defined. You may see, however, that some are round, some oval, some pyriform, and some fusiform. Wherever you look they are so closely crowded together that there is no interval between them;—each is perhaps on an average the $\frac{1}{2000}$ th of a line, or the $\frac{1}{4000}$ th of an inch in diameter;—in one ordinary-sized drop of water there will be about eight thousand millions of living beings; and in this bottle, containing only one cubic inch, there are so many that it would employ the whole of the inhabitants of England and Wales a fortnight to count them; allowing each (adult or infant) to count one hundred every minute for ten hours each day;—in other words, about fourteen thousand times as many as the whole human inhabitants of the earth. In your field of view just now, you have much less than the hundredth part of a drop of the fluid: yet you try in vain to form any directly enumerative conception of the multitude.

These little creatures are the monads (*monas crepusculum*), and are the smallest specimens of animal life with which we are acquainted. I cannot tell you much about the details of their life or death, their habits, manners, or customs. In a little time we shall be able to guess at these, from analogy; meantime see, they have an active individuality of their own, and evidently much business on hand of importance to them; which, notwithstanding their multitude, they attend to without much disturbing their neighbours:—rarely during their rapid dance do they impinge against each other—not nearly so often as the gyrators in a modern ball-room. By very attentive observation, and a little delicate manipulation with this "fine-adjustment" screw, you may perceive a little filament (sometimes two) attached to the extremity that goes first in swimming; whether this

be foot, proboscis, or tentacle, I cannot say; nor is there much further information to be got by further looking at them.

Without attempting any systematic course through these infusoria, we will glance at a few drops of water from various vessels in succession. Most of these were taken this morning from a dirty-looking pond covered with duck-weed*, and containing abundance of *chara*, *myriophyllum*, &c.; bits of which are still in the water. The creatures here are of much larger size than those we have just been looking at, and are very varied in structure; they have this in common, that the big ones eat the little ones, and the little ones eat the less. Here is a swarm of *colepes*, feeding on a new-born and helpless *euchlanis*; but there is advancing towards them a beautiful, long, swan-like necked creature, that will most impartially swallow the nearest at hand, and so avenge the innocents. This is a *trachelius*; one of its relatives is called the *T. vorax*, from its gastronomic powers;—here is one of them just swallowing a *loxodes bursaria*, utterly regardless of consanguinity (as to genus); regardless, too, of what might be considered a more important argument, viz., that it has already swallowed six of them, which may be seen lodged in its interior, through its transparent integuments. By-and-by, this *trachelius* will be swallowed, with all his prey, probably by a *monoculus*; and for this there is a *hydra viridis* waiting attached by his tail to a twig of the *chara*, round the corner. Let this one beware of the next gudgeon.

It is said that all animals sleep during some part of their existence: it may be so; but in these active creatures I have never seen any indications of rest of any sort. Perpetual, ceaseless motion appears to be their characteristic—generally in pursuit of something to eat; for the organic processes go on very rapidly here. But how is this? Amidst all this life and motion a *leucophrys* suddenly stops short, as though struck by an unseen hand, and remains apparently fastened to the spot: it gives a few half-turns on its axis from one side to the other,—a few convulsive starts, as if to escape from the spell,—and then quietly submits to its fate. Its time is come—for what? Not for death, as we generally understand it; indeed, I believe that these little creatures have no natural death, nor is it this time to be swallowed alive. Observe it carefully for a few minutes, and you will see something eminently suggestive of thought. This animal has an anterior and a posterior extremity, rounded though they both be: it has also what may by courtesy be called a waist, half way between the two, though it is the thickest part of the body. In the position of this waist a constriction appears, as if a fine thread had been cast around the body and gradually tightened. The animal gives a rebellious kick or two during the process; but this constriction goes on until the animal is nearly nipped in two. There appears at what was the tail

* Most of the observations in this paper are from the personal experience of the writer; some of the illustrations also are taken from a very pleasant book by Mr. Gosse, called "Evenings at the Microscope"; others from Dr. Carpenter and Prof. Rymer Jones; but for the most part, they have been carefully re-observed and verified by the writer.

* This microscopical same process. During intimacy, and constrictions, ever, take part; the old worm presented part of former system. † This not to overlook every bound of

end the semblance of a mouth; the whole body struggles violently once more, and, lo! two young creatures are the result; arising not by way of ordinary generation, but by spontaneous division into two of the old animal. On their release, they seem to give their tails a triumphant wriggle, and part in opposite directions without further leave-taking. Mr. Gosse speaks of having once seen this process in a *trachelius*, which lasted two hours. I have frequently seen the entire process completed in less than half an hour from the first appearance of constriction.

This mode of increase is very general amongst the infusoria, and a very anti-malthusian process it is. Professor Rymer Jones calculates that a single *paramœcium* will produce in a month the inconceivable number of 268,435,456 new beings. There are some species, however, very much more prolific than this, of which I do not see any specimen in our present water. Thus the *Gonium Pectorale* consists apparently of four larger globules and twelve smaller ones: when it is mature it splits in four symmetrical parts, which very soon supply their full complement of globules, and divide again in like manner. Still more remarkable is the *G. Pulvinatum*, which appears like a square bit of membrane, divided by lines into sixteen smaller squares; and at these lines the original animal divides into sixteen others.

In general there does not appear to be any absolute rule as to the direction of the fission: some species divide transversely, some longitudinally, and some in both ways. When there is any special apparatus noticeable in the adult there may be observed, during the progress of the division, a gradual development of a duplicate apparatus, which is to be the portion of one of the resultant animals. Thus in the *Nassula*, which is furnished at one side with a rim of teeth, a similar rim is seen to be developed at a corresponding point on the other side during the division, which is accomplished exactly like that of the *leucophrys*. What becomes of the individuality of these creatures?—what of their sensations or emotions, if they have any?—what of the *one* will which before governed its motions? And, above all, what are we to think of this species of vicarious or deputed immortality? * There seems to be no natural death,† as before

* This kind of perpetuity of existence is not entirely confined to animals of microscopic dimensions. The tail of the *nais*, one of the *annelida*, enjoys the same pseudo immortality, accidents apart. Müller gives the following account of the process:—"The young *Nais Proboscidea* is composed of fourteen segments only. During its growth an increase of these segments takes place at the caudal extremity, and after a time, a part of the new segments begins to be separated, by a constriction, from the rest of the worm. Long before the complete division, however, takes place, new segments are formed by the parent animal at the constricted part; these new segments in their turn begin to be cut off from the body of the old worm, while others are produced above them. In this way we have sometimes presented to our observation, a parent worm with three young ones, still forming part of one system, which has itself been developed from a separated part of a former system."

† This must be taken of course *cum grano*, and understood with limitations. I ought not to overlook the evidences of the death of the loricated or sheil-covered animalcules even in so cursory a sketch. The following, from Prof. Rymer Jones, will be found of interest—"Delicate as these shells are, and requiring the most accurate

remarked; the normal termination and destiny seems to be, that each class shall furnish living food for the more powerful races. I have observed them with prolonged care; yet, though I have seen them destroyed by accident, or by their congeners, I have never seen anything at all resembling natural death: unabated activity subsists up to the time when youth is renewed by one old one becoming two or more young ones.

The peculiar fitness of this arrangement will become manifest if you consider well what is the province and function of all this teeming life. It is to turn back again the stream of constantly decomposing animal and vegetable matter into its higher channels. There are what may be properly called the herbivora and the carnivora amongst the lowest infusoria: these feed respectively upon the debris of vegetable and animal decomposition, and reconvert it into living structure, proper for the food of the higher orders; these, in their turn, are the prey of still larger and stronger races, which are finally food for the fishes, &c., and thus for man. All this object would apparently be defeated were these minute creatures to die naturally and be again decomposed, as are the higher animals. Violent death, therefore, is the rule in these cases.

What becomes of the countless billions of animalculæ in a small pond, when it is dried up by the heat of summer? Do they perish? or what is their condition? This is not a superfluous question; for in a very short time again, after a rain, the pond is found to teem as before with life. Their dust appears to be susceptible of life again, after complete drying—a phenomenon which might appear incredible, but that we have a direct method of proving its possibility.

Here are three or four slips of glass, on each of which a few days ago I placed a small fresh-water crustacean—the *daphnia*, or water-flea; the water has dried up, and the little creature is dry too and dead: touch one of them with the point of a needle, and you will find it splinter like a bit of burnt paper. Now, here is a living specimen, and a very beautiful object it is for the lower powers of the microscope, with its elaborate eyes, its long branched and bearded tentacles, and its whole internal economy plainly visible through its delicately

examination, even with a good microscope, to detect their presence, we shall be surprised to find that they play an important part in nature, making up by their immense accumulation, for their diminutive size. We have before us, while writing this, a specimen of pulverulent matter, collected from the shores of Lake Lettuaggsjon, two miles and a half from Urnea in Sweden, which from its extreme fineness resembles flour; this has long been known by the natives of the region where it is plentiful, by the name of *Bergmehl*, or mountain meal; and is used by them, mixed up with flour, as an article of food, experience having taught them that it is highly nutritive. On examination with the microscope, the *Bergmehl* found to consist entirely of the shells of loricated infusoria, which having been accumulating from age to age at the bottom of the waters in which the living animals are found, form a stratum of considerable thickness. Nor is this all, when agglomerated and mixed up with siliceous and calcareous particles, the exuviae become consolidated by time into masses of flint and marble, in which the characters of the shells are perfectly distinguishable, so that even the species of the animalcules to which they originally belonged is easily made out."

transparent coverings. You see its heart beating there near the dorsal surface, and the blood, the motion of which is marked by granules, circulating through every part of the body, and especially towards that beautiful apparatus of branchiæ, or lungs, which are attached to the legs; so providing that the energy of respiration is always proportionate to the amount of bodily action. A most vivacious and interesting little creature it is; and we may find that its death is not less instructive than its life.

Now take one of these slips, on which there is a dry and dead daphnia; *dead* we must call it, for, on putting it under the glass, all is still. The heart can be detected even yet, but is perfectly motionless; the eye is dull and shrivelled, and the legs and antennæ are crumpled together like the limbs of a dead fly: in short, look where you will, you see nothing like life. But now, add to it a drop of water, and observe the change; very soon, when the tissues have got completely moistened, you will notice a slight action, first in the legs, then in the tentacles, which resume their living appearance; and then, by degrees, the life will diffuse itself through the whole body, and you will see heart, lungs, and intestine in action, as vigorous as ever. I do not know any phenomenon of life more suggestive of curious thought and speculation than this, that a portion of dried and brittle tissue, from which all evidence of life has departed for days, should be able to resume its complicated functions under the stimulus of water. I am not aware that it has been observed before, in animals of so high an organisation as these crustaceans. Long ago, Ehrenberg had observed it with regard to the *rotifera*, and stated that he had kept them in a dry state for, I believe, three years, and afterwards revived them by water. I can readily believe this, for I have so frequently repeated the experiments for shorter periods that I feel no doubt whatever of their essential accuracy.

Recurring to our drop of pond water; whilst you wonder at the ceaseless activity of these innumerable creatures, you cannot fail to admire the variety of the means made use of to obtain progression. In the monads it would seem to be due to the probosci-form appendages;* in the *volvoces* the same agency, multiplied many fold, seems to be brought in action. In the vibrionidæ, of which you may see here numerous thread-like specimens wriggling about, the progression is like that of a worm or eel in water. In a great proportion of the infusoria, vibratile ciliæ are the agents in locomotion. These, which are described by Ehrenberg as minute hair-like processes arising from a thick bulbous base, are often so small that even under the highest powers their presence can only be detected by the currents which they cause in the water; but as they are present in immense multitudes, often over the whole surface of the body, they enable their possessor to execute movements more rapid (in propor-

* These are calculated by Mr. Dujardin as being not more than $\frac{1}{38000}$ th of a millimeter in diameter, which is about $\frac{1}{900000}$ th of an inch; consequently rather difficult of detection by the most powerful instrument. No wonder that differences of opinion exist as to their nature and uses.

tion to their bulk) and complicated than animals of a much higher grade of organisation. In those crescentic, boat-shaped little beings that you see so plentifully in this drop, which are called *closterinæ*, the locomotive organs are a number of short conical papillæ near the openings of the two ends of the shell; their movements are sluggish, and those short jerky, or swinging motions are probably due to currents in the water. But the oddest method of moving is that observed in the *amoeba* family: they have no ciliæ, no setæ, no feet, no proboscis; yet they get along pretty actively. The jelly of which they seem composed is highly contractile, and it possesses the power of thrusting out, apparently at will, extremities, or processes, or feet, or hands, by means of which they move about and execute their prehensile requirements. See, here is one just creeping into the field; watch it well, and observe its protean changes of form (its name is *proteus*), whilst I read to you Mr. Gosse's sketch of it:—"You see a flat area of clear jelly, of very irregular form, with sinuosities and jutting points, like the outline of some island in a map. A great number of minute blackish granules and vesicles occupy the central parts, but the edges are clear and colourless. A large bladder is seen near one side, which appears filled with a subtle fluid. But while you gaze upon it, you perceive that its form is changing; that it is not at two successive moments of the same shape exactly. This individual, which, when you first looked at it, was not unlike England in outline, is now, though only a few minutes have passed, something totally different; the projecting angle that represented Cornwall is become rounded and more perpendicular; the broken corner, that we might have called Kent, has formed two little points, up in the position of Lincolnshire; the large bladder, which was in the place of the Eastern counties, is moved up to the Durham coast, and is, moreover, greatly diminished. Lo! while speaking of these alterations, they have been proceeding, so that another and a totally diverse outline is now presented. A great excavation takes the place of Dorset; Kent is immensely prolonged; the bladder has quite disappeared, &c.; but it is impossible to follow these changes, which are ever going on without a moment's intermission, and without the slightest recognisable rule or order. . . . Individuals vary greatly in dimensions; this specimen is about $\frac{1}{120}$ th of an inch long; but others I have seen not more than one-tenth as large as this, and some twice as large."*

Here is another beautiful object, just visible as a speck to the naked eye;—it is a *volvox globator*. A lens of moderate power will show you whence it derives its generic name. Under a good microscope it appears as a delicate green transparent globe, studded with ciliæ, by means of which it revolves rapidly through the water. In its interior you may see other smaller *volvoes*, and still within these the gemmules of a third generation. But this is not a single animal, as it might appear, but a compound *monad*, strange as it may seem. "It was Ehrenberg

* Evenings at the Microscope, pp. 455-6.

(says Prof. Jones) who first made the discovery that these beautiful living globes were not, as had until then been universally believed, single animalcules, producing gemmules in the interior of their transparent bodies, which, on arriving at maturity, terminated the existence of the parent by escaping through its lacerated integument; but that they formed in reality the residences of numerous individuals living together in a wonderful community." You perceive those green specks which stud the surface of the *volvox*, and which seem like the bulbous root of the locomotive cilia. Now, if you apply a power of one thousand diameters to one of these specks, you perceive in it a bright red point; and also see that the apparent cilia is not really such, but a whip-like proboscis similar to that before described as characterising some of the *monadinæ*. The above-quoted authority considers that in each one of these specks we have a *monad* of high organisation, possessing mouth, eye, stomach, generative apparatus, and all the viscera belonging to a *free monad*; all these living in this kind of organic connection for a certain time; after which the original globe bursts, and the contained *volvocs* escape to lead an identically aggregate life. But not, therefore, is there any death of the original globe; it certainly becomes torn up and disintegrated; but each speck is capable of independent life, and for a while enjoys its liberty; but, by a process equally too prolonged to watch or to describe at present, it becomes ultimately developed into a perfect *volvox*, with its component *monads*, its young *volvocs*, and its gemmules of the third generation.

We have made but little way amongst our treasures: in this teaspoonful of dirty water alone, we have found more than enough to occupy us the whole evening, and we should not exhaust it were we to spend a week in it. We have not even glanced at the contents of that *chara* glass, which we shall find swarming with rotiferæ, or wheel-bearers, creatures of much higher organisation than these, and of most fascinating habits. But the evening is getting late, and you are beginning to see black discs before the eye with looking so long down this tube upon the brightly-illuminated stage. Beware of too long devotion to this pursuit; another time we can renew our investigations with fresh attention.

E.

VI.

A RECENT VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND.

ONE of the manias "most incident" to Englishmen is the love of travel. The rich man's *stake* may be certain acres in Essex, or in fenny Lincolnshire, blackened by the rain-cloud, but the *tether* attached thereto is long, and can stretch all the way to the Manillas, or to the ruined cities in the forests of Yucatan, and he is not unfrequently found straining at the very end of it. There dwells in the Englishman's blood a strange relish for the sea, and he loves to feel the wind blowing hard upon his face. He has a powerful love of motion, and although he bears the strongest affection for his own country, is proud of her history, and of the heroes who have called her "mother," a restless impulse urges him to leave it for a time, to see foreign men and cities, to sun himself in tropic climes, to scale famous mountains, and to tread desert sands. The Englishman sleeps in Venetian palaces, and in the kraal of the Hottentot. In the cool Alpine shadows, while the evening red is dying on the peak above, he hears the vesper bell tinkling from the monastery. In Turkey he listens to the melancholy musical voice from the gilded mosque, calling on the children of the faithful to pray, with faces turned towards the holy city. He sees, out from Vienna, mass on mass of white-coated Austrian soldiers defiling before their heavy-lipped Emperor. He admires the female guards presenting arms to his serene and ebon majesty of Dahomey. He eats buffalo hump in the western prairie in company with red men and trappers, and he hob-a-nobs with magnificent mandarins over soup made of swallows' nests at Hong Kong. He shakes with fever and ague in some village on the borders of the Mississippi. He is stricken down with the plague at Grand Cairo, and hears in his agony the howlers across the street lamenting the dead. He sits in an Esquimaux sledge, buried in furs to the nose; and he promenades in loose and airy attire the hot Calcutta streets. The Englishman speaks every language in the world, the coinage of every realm rattles in his pocket, delightful to the ear of natives. The hotel does not exist in which he has not slept, and the fleas of every nation know the taste of his blood, and prefer it to any other variety of the vital fluid. The somewhat commonplace features of the travelling Englishman are everywhere known. The wretched Snake Indian, skulking from his foes, the terrible Blackfeet, among the precipices that overhang some nameless river in the region of the setting sun, sees the Englishman paddling in a bark canoe in a state of excitement about grizzly bears, and the lean and swart Bedouin standing out in the blinding desert heat, behold him, bound for India, hurry past on a swift dromedary toward the Red Sea, with *Murray* in his pocket. A restless race these English. Ever roaming over the world, and yet, as comfort and freedom are not to be found everywhere, no people should so sedulously remain at home.

Every nation in the world holds out its attractions to the Englishman, and calls loudly for a visit. Italy has her roof of azure, her ruins, her galleries of art; Egypt has the pyramids and the Sphinx; South America the Andes and cities above the clouds; India her grotesque temples, her monstrous many-headed idols, her dusky millions, her "barbaric pearl and gold." Yet powerfully as these or other lands touch the imagination or attract the eye of curiosity, they are as nothing compared with Palestine. She is the centre of the earth. The Holy Land flows no longer with milk and honey; it possesses but little political importance; it can boast of no very surpassing city in point of extent or of wealth. There are mightier mountains than Lebanon, there are fairer streams than Jordan, yet every year Englishmen flock to Jerusalem, and from thence ride out to visit villages and ruins, to look upon mountains, and to trace water-courses, with feelings quite unusual for tourists, and quite disproportioned to their picturesqueness and importance. The Englishman stands on Mount Zion with deeper emotion than on Marathon; he lingers longer in Jerusalem than in St. Petersburg; and the few houses that compose the modern Bethlehem detain him with a deeper charm, and impress his memory more powerfully than the ruins of Palmyra or the six solitary pillars of Balbec. It needs not to be said how this has come to pass. Palestine through all time will be the most interesting country the sky covers. It was the cradle of our faith—

"Over those acres walked those blessed feet,
That eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage to the bitter cross."

But, putting these solemn and sacred considerations for the moment aside, we owe to the Bible, and to our early training therein, that we are a hundred times better acquainted with the history of Palestine, than we are with that of our own country. And what a history is that, opening in the sunrise of the world, when Abraham came there a pastoral prince, rich in flocks and herds—and closing when the Roman saw the temple and towered Jerusalem, the delight of the whole earth, sinking in blood and fire! This magnificent history, embalming plain and mount, and making for ever memorable village and town—is the earliest food of childhood. Its events are entwined with our earliest feelings of religion and with the development of our moral sense. The history of David is better known than the story of our great Alfred. We are more intimately acquainted with the campaigns of Israel, than we are with those of the Henries in France, or of Marlborough in Flanders. There are many amongst ourselves who have never heard the songs and ballads that murmur about the Scottish border, but hardly one who does not know, and has not felt the pathetic beauty, "the love passing the love of woman," of that lamentation for the fallen brave, poured forth upon an unknown Syrian hill-side, and thirty centuries old now.

Palestine possesses transcendent interest to the Englishman, not

alone on account of the events connected with his faith,—the temple and sacrifices that shadowed forth better things to come, the prophets that spoke as they were moved by the Holy Spirit, the miracles that were wrought within its borders, and the decease accomplished at Jerusalem,—but also that, in the Scripture narratives, we have such a glimpse of the ways and manners of a people, as is presented by no profane history—as is revealed by the song of no poet. Homer does not exhibit the Greeks, as the Bible the Jews. In these old books we know how the Hebrews lived and acted; we in a manner become their contemporaries, and come to speak and think of them almost as if they were personal acquaintances. And how far into the “deep backward and abysm of time” do these narratives carry us! While Sodom and Gomorrah yet stood upon the plain, long before they sunk in the fiery shower, and the saline waters of the accursed lake were drawn like a shroud over them, we go out and in with Abraham; we know everything that transpired within the curtain of his tent; we know how he wandered hither and thither in search of pastures, and how his flocks and herds prospered with him. The story of Joseph reveals ancient Egypt to us to-day, although the Pharaohs, long preserved in the sweetness of funeral spices, have crumbled into the nothingness of desert dust. We know the people who were led away into the Babylonian captivity. We know, in the strange land, how they remembered Sion, and how clearly the deserted and spoiled Jerusalem stood in the national memory. Nowhere out of the Bible are the curtains of the past so drawn. No other history presents so distinctly the image of a people: and when we think of the Holy Land, we think of it not as the traveller sees it to-day—blighted by the curse of barrenness, trodden down by the foot of the stranger, the mosque of the False Prophet crowning the brow of Moriah,—but when the temple stood in Jerusalem, when the glory of God dwelt visibly within it, and when the tribes came flocking thither once a-year. It is from these reasons—the knowledge we have of the remarkable people who lived there, of their manners, customs, and modes of thought, and the fact that Christ was born there—that there he spent the years of his ministry; that when his work was done on earth, the heaven that bends over Palestine received him; and that out of that country came the men who built up the early Christian Church,—it is for these reasons that every summer, weary of the gay Western capitals, tourists flock to Palestine. As the attraction cannot decrease, thither, through coming generations, will travellers flock. There exist many books of travel in that country; and similar books will not be wanting in future publishing seasons. There are few books so certain of readers as these. Among the most interesting published of late years is a “Clerical Furlough,” by the Rev. Dr. Buchanan, of Glasgow. Its author is an able and popular clergyman, already not undistinguished as a writer. Worn out by severe and continuous labour in a populous city, he sought change of scene and recruitment of health and spirits in the East; and the handsome and bulky volume before us is the result. Dr. Buchanan’s performance is eminently readable, but

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he seems to have begun his work on too large a scale. No inconsiderable portion of the volume deals with his adventures on the way, the severe weather he encountered off the Irish coast, his pic-nics, and ramblings to and fro in Malta, his experiences in Egypt; and, finding himself, toward the close, somewhat pressed for space, he huddles up his work in a most hasty and unsatisfactory manner. We hear more about the Cove of Cork than we do about Lebanon and Damascus. The book suffers sadly from want of condensation; and the author much too frequently inserts passages which seem excerpts from his sermons—well enough in their way in the ordinary course of ministration at the Free Tron, but a little out of place in a book of travels. However, passing these defects, the lack of proportion, and the fragments of irrelevant eloquence and exhortation alluded to, the book is an excellent one, full of fresh picturesque writing, and we warmly commend it to the reading public. The author is well qualified to guide one through the Holy Land; he makes the Bible his guide-book, and he is alive to all the sacred associations of the country. In this respect the "Clerical Furlough" contrasts strikingly with "Eothen." In that remarkable book, every page of which burns with the fervour and the sunlight of the tropics, we are informed by its author that—

"If one might judge of men's real thoughts by their writings, it would seem that there are people who can visit an interesting locality, and follow up continuously the exact train of thought that ought to be suggested by the historical associations of the place. A person of this sort can go to Athens, and think of nothing later than the age of Pericles—can live with the Scipios as long as he stays in Rome—can go up in a balloon, and think how resplendently the now vacant and desolate air was peopled by angels—how prettily it was crossed at intervals by the rounds of Jacob's ladder! I don't possess this power at all: it is only by snatches, and for a few moments together, that I can really associate a place with its proper history."

Dr. Buchanan does not in the least labour under the difficulties experienced by the author of *Eothen*. He wanders about anxious to identify the localities mentioned in the Bible. He may not care about a Syrian brook particularly, but if you convince him that out of its bed David lifted the pebble with which he slung down Goliath in sight of both armies, it gains a sudden interest in his mind, and he measures the breadth from bank to bank and carefully informs you of the vegetation with which it is bordered. He does not believe the monkish traditions as to the birth-place of the Saviour, the Mount of Calvary, or the grave of Joseph. A devout reader of his Bible from his youth, he wanders over the country, his mind filled with the events of sacred history; and the desolate land is filled again with inhabitants. Isaac walks in the fields at even-tide. Our Saviour sits at the well, and the Samaritan woman speaks with him. Joseph is sold by his brethren to the merchants who are going down into Egypt, and David with sudden remorse throws away the water which had been brought to him at the jeopardy of brave men's lives. From "*Eothen*" and the "*Clerical Furlough*," a very complete idea of Judea may be obtained. The one supplements the other. The one takes the profane

side of it, so to speak, and gives us its every-day appearance; the other beholds it through the light of scriptural associations and the sacredness of memory. The one wanders over it like a poet, and a man of the world, exulting in the unfamiliar landscape, the strange colours with which the sun paints rock and peak, the half-savage half-pastoral life which is everywhere exhibited; the other walks over it reverently, with a sense that the ground is holy,—for, ever as he goes, he remembers that this was the home of the people of God, that here dwelt the prophets, and more than all, that the breeze that fanned these mountain tops and swept these vales was breathed by One who made the heavens and the earth, that His eye dwelt upon that horizon, that His voice was heard here, and that over this very road, running straight on to Bethany, once walked the feet that were nailed to the cross.

After reaching the Holy Land, Dr. Buchanan writes in his notebook, "We spent our first night in Palestine. To reach it we had made a journey of 3,500 miles across the deep. On the way we had been rudely buffeted, and more than once driven into harbours of refuge on our own coasts by the fierce equinoctial gales. We had been tossed and driven to-and-fro on the huge rolling billows of the Atlantic in the Bay of Biscay. We had been pursued, amid thunder and lightning and hail, by a furious tempest along the coast of Africa for six-and-thirty continuous hours. But here we were safe and well at last." After such experience of wind and sea, *terra firma* would be grateful. The doctor and his party after crossing the belt of perilous surge that foams along the coast there, landed at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa of Scripture. The town slopes up from the water-edge, upon a stretch of sand-hills, backed by the exuberant greenness of orange groves. Many associations cling round that steep hot evil-smelling Syrian town. On these very sand-hills, or at all events on the farther hills visible from the boat tossing on the foam, stood Joshua, when he commanded the sun to stand still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon. From this port Jonah sailed in the ship of Tarshish, when he fled from the word of the Lord commanding him to lift up his voice against Nineveh. In these narrow streets is still pointed out the house of Simon the tanner. It was while praying in this place that Peter beheld the vision of the white sheet let down from heaven filled with creeping things, and learned the lesson that nothing that God has made is common or unclean. In later days the little town heard the shout of the Roman and the cheer of the Crusader, and nearer our own time this was the scene of the heartless massacre that has left the darkest stain on the memory of Napoleon. When approaching the coast, the doctor beheld a characteristic sight. In the roadstead there were no fewer than six large steamers at anchor waiting for pilgrims, the fanatical *omnium gatherum* of eastern lands. When the party stepped on the sandy shore, the narrow streets and lanes were crammed with fierce religionists. Horses, donkeys, and camels struggled in confusion, the shrill cries of the drivers rising above the tumult. Greek and Arab jostled in the stifling streets, amid a gabble of many languages. On their way to Jerusalem they found these pilgrims encamped by thousands, some asleep, others smoking the long pipe, the luxury of the East, their horses or camels staked or

else roaming about. Cooking-fires were blistering the noon-tide air, and down on the whole motley crowd the brazen heaven poured its fierce shafts and fervours of sunlight. As they rode along, the prickly pear with its splendid yellow flowers and dagger-like thorns formed the fences of the orchards, and down the steep rocky ways came endless files of donkeys laden with oranges—fruit soothing to the throats of Moslem pilgrims and Christian travellers, and inexpensive almost as the stream that runs by the paths in England. The distance from Jaffa to Jerusalem is about thirty-five miles, and for the most part up hill, and the road is rocky, resembling often the bed of a dried-up torrent. Ever as the travellers climbed toward the holy city they came upon some scene of former power and grandeur; some locality famous in Scripture narrative; the ruins of some Christian church, or some deserted stronghold of the crusader. In their course they approached the ancient Kirjath-jearim, from which place David went to bring the ark of the Lord. We can imagine how, when the long winding procession returned to Jerusalem, with what music and shouting and clashing of arms the hollow glens would ring! It is silent now, as if it had never resounded with the voice of a nation's joy. When Dr. Buchanan passed, the only human being to be seen was "a lonely shepherd sitting upon a rock, with his long gun across his knees, while his small flock of sheep, with pure white faces and bodies black as night, were feeding in a little hollow beside him." No city in the world is approached with such emotion as Jerusalem. Onward from Jaffa, up steep stony roads, through the long flaming Syrian day, unshadowed by a single fold of vapour, you toil, parched with thirst, feeble with heat; and when at last, across the scrubby uneven plain, the buildings of the city lift themselves into view with no commanding feature whatever, the effect is certainly disappointing! You have read so much of the city, have thought so much about it, you have dreamed about it so often on your way—and this is all! Nor when you have fairly entered into its midst, when you actually tread its streets, and look upon its buildings, can you sustain your spirit at the proper pitch. You are half angry with the place and with yourself. Your mind is overflowing with the ancient Hebrews, and you find it filled with quite a modern life. Instead of a temple you find a hotel. You stand in the *Via Dolorosa*, the fashionable street of the city, and are told that along that way—over the very spot on which you stand—Christ went bearing his cross, but you do not feel as you wish—the past and the present jar somehow. You sup and sleep on the Mount of Olives. You enter a great church steaming with eternal incense, glaring with ever-burning tapers, and you stand in the most sacred place in the city. "When you have seen enough of it, you feel perhaps weary of the busy crowd, and inclined for a gallop. You ask your dragoman whether there will be time before sunset to send for horses and take a ride to Mount Calvary. Mount Calvary, Signor?—eccolo; it is *upstairs on the first-floor*."* The monks show the holy places, and traffic in them. They are stock in trade. If even you could believe what

* Eothen.

is told you, if even the tide of emotion rose high, you are immediately brought down to the bald commonplaces of life—all sacredness disappears at once—when you hear your monkish guide grumble at the smallness of his gratuity. It takes a long time before you get quit of this feeling of disappointment. Custom after a while dulls the edge of your disgust, and after a fortnight or so, you wander through the streets and visit the holy places with a certain interest—rapture there is none—although the shaven and frocked monk is all the while babbling in your ear. Jerusalem is a holy city, but holiest in our dreams.

The most interesting building in Jerusalem is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. A number of sacred places are gathered beneath its single roof. Passing through it, the monks show where our Lord stood and wept, where he was scourged, where he was crowned with thorns, where he was crucified, and where he was buried. If this congregation of "holy places" is a little astonishing to simple people who have read their Bibles, it is highly convenient for the pilgrims, who kneel down at each sanctified spot, kiss it fervently, leave a coin and pass on to the next. Bringing these things so closely together, economises time and knee-pans, and makes fervour go far. Easter is the great pilgrim season. From the banks of the Don and the Danube, from the countries of Southern Europe, thousands flock every year to look upon the scenes consecrated by the sufferings of Christ. They bring articles of merchandise with them, and display their wares, extol the merits of their goods, and chaffer and drive hard bargains in the open space before the church. In the interior rival sects dispute, and riots are not unfrequent. Turkish soldiers stand about the door smoking, and when an uproar rises around the shrine, in they rush and lay about them lustily until order is restored. The season is generally concluded with the miracle of the "Holy Fire;" that over, the pilgrims go and visit Bethany and Nazareth; bathe in the Jordan; then, certain of eternal happiness, they turn their faces homewards to Danubian forest or icy Russian steppe. This miracle of fire, devoutly believed in by these simple people, is an imposing performance; the scenic effect is considerable; and when, above that sea of strained eyes and beating hearts, the mysterious flame flashes, lighting up the vast building, the excitement is enormous, and lives are often lost. Dr. Buchanan gives a vivid description of the miracle, and the frenzy of the believing pilgrims.

"It is on the Saturday of the Greek Easter week, that this daring impiety is annually perpetrated. When the hour for this crowning event of the festival arrives, processions of bishops and priests, arrayed in their most splendid robes, are seen advancing with gilded crosses uplifted, and flaunting banners displayed. The dense crowd closes in on all sides around them. The procession is ere long buried in the living mass. At length the Moslem soldiers, by sheer force and violence, cleave a path through the heart of the tumultuous throng for an aged hierarch, the representative for the day of the Greek patriarch, and known in the ceremonial as the "Bishop of the Fire," who is dragged rather than led along to the narrow door that opens

into the sepulchre. The moment he enters the door is locked; the tumult is hushed, and the excited multitude, gathered many of them from the far-off banks of the Don or the Vistula; await, in a state of feverish expectancy bordering on madness, the awful mystery that is now at hand. They have heard of it in their distant homes from the days of their childhood. Now they are in Jerusalem. Now they are in the very presence of the sepulchre, and with their own eyes they are about to behold this wonder of wonders. The time seems long, murmurs of impatience begin to be heard. Is the sacred sign of the Divine presence to be withheld? The whisper goes round that it is the presence of those Moslem soldiers, those followers of Mahomet, that is threatening to rob them of the expected privilege. The whisper becomes a shout of rage, and they rush upon the guards and force them to retire. And now again the hush of deep suspense passes over and stills this lately surging sea. What is that light that suddenly flashes through the small round aperture in the solid wall of the tomb? It is the Holy Fire! The torch on which it burns is projected through the opening, and the lofty roof rings and shakes with the wild shout of exultation that rises on the instant from around the sepulchre, and reverberates through the remotest aisles. And now a frightful scene occurs. With eagerness to light their torches and candles at the holy fire, the pilgrims struggle, as in a case of life and death, to get near the tomb. Those who have their station beside the coveted spot, have their lights snatched from them, and are themselves sometimes trodden down and trampled to death. Meanwhile the smoke and stench, and flame of the countless candles and torches, to which, from one to another, the fire is communicated, together with the shrieks of pain and yells of triumph that fill the air, combine to produce a scene that could be like unto nothing but Pandemonium."

Scenes like the above, although picturesque and exciting, are hardly edifying in the circumstances. It is with quite another feeling the "place where the Lord lay" should be approached. As to the wretched imposture of the holy fire, we are glad to learn that the Latin Church now frowns upon it, and has entirely withdrawn her patronage. The Greek Church, however, from considerations of profit, still extends her regard, and under her auspices the wonder is annually wrought. With what purity of intention the Latins may be credited in their denunciation of the miracle, it is difficult to say. The Greeks have a monopoly of the holy places in Jerusalem. The golden socket in which the cross of the Lord was placed, is in their possession, while their opponents can only boast of the sockets in which were inserted the crosses of the two thieves. We can easily understand the pious rage of the Latin Church at a profitable miracle in which they have no part. It is an ancient habit of the fox to call by all manner of bad names the clusters of grapes that hang temptingly out of his reach. That said grapes are in the possession of a rival, a brother fox, is a consideration not likely to sweeten the temper or purify the vocabulary of a disappointed vulpus.

Dr. Buchanan made good use of his time at Jerusalem. He visited

the holy places: the Pool of the Virgin, where, at intervals, from some unexplained cause, the waters bubble up about a foot above their ordinary level, and then as suddenly subside; the ruins of the great aqueduct built by Solomon, which so moved the admiration of the Queen of Sheba when she came to visit that splendid monarch; and he threaded for a considerable distance the mighty caverns that yawn beneath the city—caverns that, in the terrible siege, were the last refuge of the defiant Hebrews. He wished to stand an hour alone in Gethsemane, but was unable to satisfy himself as to the locality. No scholar, Mr. De Quincy tells us, can lay his finger upon that garden. He visited the beautiful Bethlehem, and saw the everlasting fires burning in the Church of the Nativity; and he often strolled from the city to the village of Bethany—with what feelings and recollections we can well fancy. The following passage, relative to a point on that road on the occasion of our Saviour's entrance in Jerusalem, when the voices, so soon to cry "Crucify him, crucify him!" were loud in hosannas, and the hands that, ere many hours, were to point in derision to his thorny crown and insolent purple robe, strewn palms in his advancing path, is worthy of quotation:—

"Beyond this point the road falls gradually down to a lower level, and Zion disappears, hid by that second ridge which the road soon after begins to ascend. In this hollow it most probably was, that, when the tumultuous shouting of the rejoicing multitude had subsided, the sullen and censorious Pharisees found leisure to strike in with their complaint, when Jesus said to them, in reply to the querulous demand that he should rebuke his disciples, 'I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.' Meanwhile they are advancing up the short but rapid ascent that will bring them all at once full in view of the city. At this part of the road our feelings were strung to the highest pitch of excitement. We knew we were arriving at the very spot where one of the most touching incidents in the Saviour's history occurred, and we watched in consequence with intensest eagerness for the opening out of the expected scene that would enable us to identify the very spot to which these well-known words referred, 'And when He was come near *He beheld the city and wept over it.*' No one who has followed that road, with the sacred narrative in his hand, can have a moment's hesitation as to where the event occurred. With a suddenness almost startling, the rocky ridge, which hitherto has hidden all that lies beyond it, is turned, and, as if it had risen up out of the earth, Jerusalem spreads out before us. We are now on the very edge of the deep and narrow Valley of Jehoshaphat, right over against the southern extremity of Moriah. Here the magnificent temple which crowned it of old must have met the Saviour's eye, the stately city lying in all its grandeur around it. It is the very and the only point which answers, unmistakeably, to the descriptive terms of the sacred narrative, 'When He was come near, He beheld the city.' It is so near as to be almost within a bow-shot, and yet it is the first point in the road where the city could be beheld. One may be deceived as to the precise locality of many Scripture scenes, but not as to this

one. Standing here, one has the feeling of absolute certainty that he is on the very spot of ground where the deep and tender compassions of Jesus overflowed in tears at the thought of the coming ruin of Jerusalem and the Jews."

But we have lingered long enough in the holy city, and have now to look on the Dead Sea—that grave of wicked cities. It is two days' journey, through a wild country, where the strong arm is law. As the traveller toils on among these sharp black rocks and wild ravines of early earthquake, his ear is greeted by no song of summer-bird; there is no murmur of grateful foliage in the hot noon wind, no grasshopper leaps in deep meadow grass. On these black, glazed peaks the pitiless sun beats with unmitigated fervour, and the only refuge is "the shadow of a great rock" in that weary land. Travellers from Jerusalem must take tents with them, and live like Bedouins. Soldiers, too, must be had for protection—wild fellows, armed with lances, who look exceedingly like robbers, who are certain to lose their way, and if danger appears, to discover a remarkable faculty in retreating, and leaving in the lurch those they have been paid to protect. On leaving Jerusalem, Dr. Buchanan's party consisted of three ladies and the like number of gentlemen. As they rode on through the blazing day the following incident occurred, redolent of savage pastoral life:—

"We had an opportunity more than once of witnessing incidents of a kind that forcibly reminded us of scenes in the Scripture history of David, by which readers, ignorant of the country in which they happened, may have been often not a little perplexed. When David was hiding in the wilderness of Ziph an opportunity presented itself of slaying king Saul as he lay asleep in the night, unconscious of any danger being near. Too generous to avail himself of the advantage that had come so unexpectedly and so temptingly in his way, David, nevertheless, resolved to show how completely his persecutor had been in his power. Stealing noiselessly into Saul's camp, accompanied by a single follower, and passing unobserved through the midst of the drowsy guards, David 'took the spear and the cruse of water from Saul's bolster; and they got them away, and no man saw it, nor knew it, neither awaked: for they were all asleep.' Having performed this daring feat, he and his attendant Abishai 'went over to the other side and stood on the top of a hill afar off, a great space being between them.' Having got to this safe distance from his relentless enemy, David is represented in the sacred history as proceeding to address Abner, the leader of Saul's host, and to taunt him with his unsoldierlike want of vigilance in leaving his royal master exposed to the hazard of being slain in the very midst of his own camp.

"What is apt to appear strange in this narrative is the fact that these hostile parties should have been near enough to carry on the conversation which the narrative describes, and yet all the while that the one should have been entirely beyond the reach of the other. That all this, however, was both possible and easy was verified in our presence. As we were riding cautiously along the face of a hill our

attention was suddenly arrested by the voice of a shepherd, who was evidently calling to some one whom we could not see, but whose answer was distinctly heard. The dialogue went on. Another and another sentence was slowly and sonorously uttered by the shepherd near us, and as often the response was distinctly given. At length, guided by the sound, we descried, far up the confronting hill, the source of the second voice in the person of another shepherd, and learned from our Arab attendants that they were talking to each other about their flocks. Between these two men was the deep crevasse formed by the valley of the Kedron, walled in by lofty precipices which no human foot could scale. It would probably have taken a full hour for one, even as fleet and as strong-winded as an Ashail, to pass from the standing-place of one speaker to that of the other, and yet they were exchanging words with perfect ease. The mystery of the dramatic scene in the wilderness of Ziph was at an end, and we were reminded at the same time of an important truth, that in dealing with the Sacred Scriptures, ignorance often makes difficulties which a larger knowledge and a deeper intelligence would at once remove." How these shepherd colloquies in the upper air deepen the solitude of the great and terrible wilderness!

Through the whole day the travellers proceed on over the rocky waste under the fierce tyranny of the sun. Towards the evening the atmosphere cooled; sunset dressed the wilderness in its wondrous hues. Far away the mountains of Moab burned like a crimson fringe. The sudden glory faded, however, swiftly as it came, and then, beneath a crescent moon and a spare sprinkling of stars, the party pursued their somewhat perilous way, now in glimmer, now in gloom, along the edges of precipices and up difficult stony paths. It was quite night when they reached their destination, Mar-Saba, said to be one of the oldest conventual establishments in the world. This religious building, climbing story after story up the rocky face of a hill, has more the appearance of a fortress than a monastery. In this solitude, cut off from the great world and its interests, the poor friars spend their time, it is charitably hoped, in devout mutterings of *aves* and counting of beads. They can give their whole minds to the performance of these important duties. They have nothing else to keep their blood from stagnation. Dr. Buchanan bore a letter from the consul at Jerusalem, addressed to the principal of the establishment, recommending himself and his companions to their hospitality and kind offices. This missive was delivered to one of the monks through a low iron door. However much the brethren might be inclined to show kindness, they were "bound by the rule of the house" to show it only to males. The presence of ladies on the present occasion was a stumbling-block that could not be got over. No female foot through all these centuries—the house is as old as the Crusaders—had sounded in the empty courts. A female voice would have startled these old monastic walls from their propriety. "Very glad—but the ladies, signor!" "Will you be so barbarous," said the interpreter, "as to shut your door in the face of ladies, and to compel them to pass the night on this savage wilderness upon the

hill-side?" "If it were the king's daughter who had come to the door," answered the friar, "she could not be permitted to enter here." So the old fellow, in conformity with the churlish principle of his order, closed the door in their faces. Having been led to expect some such reception as this, they had brought tents with them, and immediately proceeded to encamp in the shadow of the grim conventual walls. But the monks wore humane hearts beneath their woollen gowns, and one of them came forth with water and wine. The travellers made supper for themselves by the aid of their spirit lamps. The moon went down. Midnight and the silence of midnight gathered around the mountains. The towering walls of the monastery came out in relief against the starry sky. Weary with the journey, they were soon asleep, and when they awoke, the peaks of a hundred savage hills stood up like crimson islands in the sea of dawn.

Next day pressing on towards the Dead Sea they struck across what is supposed to be the Wilderness of the Temptation; a place once seen never to be forgotten—a place doomed to be desolate for ever. No vegetation, no song of bird, no murmur of running water in that thirsty waste. A region of yellow chasms and precipices, on which the meridian sun pours his exhaustless light and heat. A streamless, shadowless desert, calcined by a thousand torrid summers. The traveller goes over it with but half his life in him; he is silent as the rocks around him, his eyes are pained with omnipotent light, his temples throb with the merciless glow. Everything is fierce and terrible. There the lean Arab robber roams, and when the sun smites a wretch down with its shafts, the vulture dropping out of the sky upon him has his bones picked white within an hour. After a while this upper land, exposed to the full glare of the sky, breaks down towards the Dead Sea in sudden gorges and ravines. Water-courses begin in these rocky hollows; they foam grandly enough after the rains, but the sun had shrunk them all up, and shrivelled into bitter hay the grass that covered their edges months before. Down these ravines the travellers ride, and although they know that out of these blinding heavens the Almighty once poured his sulphur and his stones of fire,—that this is the burial-place of the lost Sodom and Gomorrah,—it is with a feeling almost of relief that they behold the water of the accursed lake, stretching away for miles in the sunlight.

By the latest measurement the lake is found to be forty miles in length, and in breadth from nine to nine and three quarters miles. The country around it is wild and barren, a waste of treeless yellow rocks, piled the one above the other. There are no signs of life around its borders. The water is boatless, the shores houseless. But seldom rises in that region the smoke of the Arab robber's fire. Its waters are fatal to animal life; fishes swept into it when the Jordan is high and red with flood, perish at once, and their bodies, flung up by the waves, rot on its saline shores. Bitumen is found about in great abundance; the pools have a blackish taste; the soil is strongly impregnated with salt. An imaginative traveller reports

that he saw ruins at the southern end of the lake, which he supposed to be relics of the ancient cities, but more recent observers have been unable to make them out. Every visitor makes it a point of honour to bathe in its waves. Woe betide the luckless wight if he should take a gulp of its waters. He will not forget the detestable taste for many a day. The element buoys the swimmer up, and to dive is a matter of impossibility. While he swims every excoriation of the skin smarts like fire, and when again he stands on the nitrous beach, he finds his body covered with salts like scales. It is a place to look upon with awe. No one standing on its shores, and beholding the desolate country that surrounds it, torn with earthquake, burned up by a flaming sun, grassless, treeless, manless; but must feel that of a verity God has been here in his anger and fierce displeasure. Every rock is graven with his vengeance.

Space will not permit us to accompany Dr. Buchanan in his interesting journeyings along the banks of Jordan, so rich in sacred associations—nor yet in his visits to Jericho and Nazareth. We must, however, yet see him on the Sea of Galilee. Although this lake does not possess the awful interest of the Dead Sea, it strikes the traveller with its loneliness and its perfect beauty. On its shores are the fallen temples that mark the city of Tiberias, built by Herod. Along its margin stood these cities—Magdala, Capernaum, Bethsaida, Chorazin, and Bethsaida-Julius, and there these words were uttered: “Woe unto thee Chorazin! Woe unto thee Bethsaida, for if the mighty works had been done in Tyre and Sidon which have been done in you, they had a great while ago repented, sitting in sackcloth and ashes. And thou Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven, shall be thrust down to hell.” When these words were spoken the stir and tumult of life rang along these shores; now they are the beauty of desolation; there is hardly a fishing-boat upon the waters, hardly a human foot on the strand. Sunrise and moonlight come and go and no voice rises up; there is never a sound of dancing and of mirth. Silently the fallen column rots into the ground.

“We were in the act of crossing the bay of Gennesaret, and rowing towards Khan-Monyeh—the site of Capernaum—when a circumstance occurred which quite deranged our plans. The boat was about a mile from the shore, and we were all gazing intently on the suggestive scenery around us. While thus employed, we were suddenly disturbed by a movement among our Arab crew. All at once they pulled in their oars, stepped their mast, and began to hoist their long and very ragged lanteen sail. What can the fellows mean to do with a sail in a dead calm? But they are right. There comes the breeze, rippling and roughening the lately glassy surface of the lake. It reaches us before the sail is rightly set. A few minutes more and it is blowing hard. The bending and oft-spliced yard threatens to give way, and the tattered leach of the sail seems as if it would rend right up and go away in shreds. To go upon a wind with such a craft is impossible. There is nothing for it but to slack away and run before it. Such a hubbub meanwhile among the Arab crew—screaming, gesticulating, jumping fore and aft, as if they had

gone mad. 'And where are we going now?' was our first inquiry. 'Where the wind will take us,' was the reply of the old grey-beard at the helm. And away we went, the lake now all tossed into waves and covered with foaming white heads, as if a demon had got into its lately tranquil bosom. Here was an adventure on which we had been very far from counting, but which served only to invest with deeper interest our visit to the Sea of Galilee. It reminded us of that day when Jesus went into a ship with His disciples, and he said unto them, 'Let us go over unto the other side of the lake.' In the calm He fell asleep, and 'there came down a storm of wind on the lake, and they were filled with water, and were in jeopardy.' But not merely did this gale of ours remind us of what Scripture has so broadly marked as one of the characteristic phenomena of the lake—it blew from the very quarter out of which the gale experienced by our Lord's disciples appears to have come. On the night of that day on which Jesus fed the five thousand in the 'desert place' on the east side of the lake, He constrained His disciples to get into a ship and to go before Him unto the other side. On their way across to the 'land of Gennesaret,' they were met by a furious blast. 'The wind was contrary,' and they could make no head against it. It was blowing right out from that long withdrawing valley at the mouth of which the plain of Gennesaret lies: blowing, in other words, exactly as it was doing upon us. Had we attempted to face it, we should simply have been 'tossed with the waves' as they were, 'in the midst of the sea.'"

VII.

AN ASCENT OF MONTE ROSA.

By ALFRED WILLS, ESQ., *Author of "Wanderings among the High Alps," &c.*

MONTE ROSA is, in point of height, the second mountain in Europe—being only two or three hundred feet lower than the great monarch of the Alps, who formed the subject of an earlier paper in the present volume. For a long time, it even disputed the palm with its mighty rival, but the more accurate explorations and measurements of modern times have conclusively established its inferiority. It is said to derive its name from the rich hues often flung upon its ample snows by the glowing lights of ebbing day: and perhaps the enormous amphitheatre formed by the chain of which it is the principal component, with its western exposure, may be peculiarly favourable to the reflection upon its peak of the ruddy rays of sunset. Till a few years ago, its boasted inaccessibility added the fascination of mystery to the unaided and obvious attractions of the scenery. No human being had ever reached that sharp peak of mingled rock and snow, which,

in some lights and from some spots, looked but a stone-throw from the spectator. The difficulties were said to be terrible, but what they were, no one could tell, for no spirit had arisen hardy enough to brave the genius of the mountain in his own stronghold—and as usual, the unknown was universally accepted as the terrible. Some years ago, a great Swiss geologist, Professor Ulrich, of Berne, made a resolute attempt to master this invincible difficulty; but, assailed by storm and wind, he was compelled to halt when still a considerable distance from the top; and, though his guides went on by themselves, he was unable to quit the protection of the rock behind which he was sheltering from the tempest, and could neither confirm nor refute the pretensions they made to the honour of having stood on that summit whereon man had never stood before. Lower peaks, however, than the actual summit were gained from time to time, by one hardy climber after another; and at length, in 1854, three well-known Alpine travellers, the Messrs. Smyth, countrymen of our own, were fortunate enough to reach the actual top of Monte Rosa. The difficulties of the last few hundred feet, they described as of the most formidable character. But succeeding adventurers varied the course which they had taken, and avoided some of the worst of the dangers they had incurred. There still remains, and ever must remain, one long ridge, or rather succession of ridges, along the very edge of which the final ascent, of some twelve or fifteen hundred feet, must be made, where no person who is not proof against giddiness and vertigo has any right to trust himself. During the whole of this last ascent, the travellers, as seen from a neighbouring though far inferior height, are cut out in bold relief against the clear blue sky. In a score of places, not two feet on their right, is an unprotected precipice of unfathomed depth; while on their left the ice falls so steeply away that, did they slip, there would be no halting-place for two or three thousand feet. But a "bad head" seems to be a rare phenomenon amongst the class of hardy and vigorous young Englishmen, who flock in shoals to the districts about Monte Rosa; for since the fiction of its inviolability has been exploded, the excursion has become so common that hardly a week—sometimes hardly a day, in the height of the season—passes without an attempt (generally successful) to ascend Monte Rosa.

I knew the neighbourhood of Monte Rosa well, and might perhaps have been the first traveller to scale the virgin peak. I was actually on my way to Zermatt, in September 1854, and laying plans for the attempt on an early day, when I met the Messrs. Smyth, on their way down the Valley of St. Nicholas, a day or two after their ascent. I felt reluctant to take, as it were, the edge off their success, by following instantly in their footsteps, and determined to postpone the expedition; and it chanced that last September offered me the first favourable opportunity for making the attempt, by which time the ascent had become one of the familiar excursions of the place.

As you look at a good map of the mountain groups of the south of Switzerland, you see that Monte Rosa lies at the point of intersection of two great chains, each of which may lay some claim to it. The

first is the great backbone dividing Switzerland from Italy, and running nearly east and west; the second, to which Monte Rosa more fairly belongs, is a rib, running nearly north and south, and ending at the valley of the Rhone, which it meets nearly at right angles. It is prolonged for a short distance on the south of the main chain, dividing the water-courses which supply the Lys and the Sesia, two of the tributaries of the Po. Our comparison to a rib, however, would electrify a physiologist, if we insisted upon his following us into details; for it throws off various little irregular "processes" on either side, one of which, called the Gornergrat, plays an important part in the topography of Monte Rosa, and enters largely into the calculations of every visitor to the neighbourhood. Certain sharp excrescences show themselves in the western section of the backbone (reckoning from Monte Rosa). The most remarkable of them is also the farthest to the west: it is the stupendous peak of the Matterhorn, rising in one bold, sharp pyramidal obelisk no less than five thousand feet above the general level of the backbone, and closely rivalling Monte Rosa in height,—perhaps the most amazing object amongst the Alps. To the east of the Matterhorn lie several other huge peaks, of which the principal are the Breithorn, and the Lyskamm, each nearly 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. Then the chain trends a little to the north, and away springs what we have called the rib—starting boldly with no less aspiring a summit than Monte Rosa itself. The important "process" of the Gornergrat is an offshoot of the Monte Rosa system, reaching an average height of eight or nine thousand feet, and marked by one irregular cone called the Riffelhorn. It runs nearly parallel with the line passing through the summits of the Breithorn and the Lyskamm, but is separated from them by a huge river of ice, called the Gorner Glacier, which descends from the heart of Monte Rosa itself, receives half a score of affluent ice-streams from the Lyskamm and the Breithorn, and at length descends into the head of the valley separating the rib of the Monte Rosa chain from the neighbouring rib to the west. The village of Zermatt lies in this valley, a few miles below the end of the glacier; and at a distance from Zermatt of two or three hours' walk, and at an elevation above it of about three thousand feet, is a pleasant turfy slope of the Gornergrat range, looking towards the north-west, called the "Riffelberg," on which a little hostelry has been built;—an accommodation due, if report speaks truly, to the enterprise of three of the neighbouring curés; who have found in it a most promising speculation. These topographical details are, it is to be feared, a little dry, but they could hardly be dispensed with, and we must congratulate ourselves, if, among the mountains, they have brought us to no worse a goal than the clean and comfortable Riffelberg inn.

Monday, the 20th September, was the day fixed upon for our expedition. I should have been glad enough to wait till a day later, for I had, within one week, ascended Mont Blanc, and crossed two of the greatest glacier passes in the Alps; but a friend, H., who accompanied me, was anxious to return to England, and could not spare another day. At the Riffelberg inn, I was fortunate enough to meet

with an old acquaintance, Ulrich Lauener, the boldest hunter of the Oberland, who had guided the Messrs. Smyth in their first ascent, and in the same year had accomplished with me the maiden ascent of the Wetterhorn. We had with us two of the best guides of Chamouni, and a young porter of the same place; and confident that where others could find their way, they and we should not fail, we had resolved to take no guides of the place, but to fight our own way up. I was, therefore, very glad of some information as to the route, quickly, clearly, and concisely given to me by Lauener. There was living proof for us, in the hotel, that the ascent might prove not free from risk, for a gentleman lay there, at that moment, in bed, in great suffering from frost-bite, to which he had exposed himself in an unsuccessful attempt to ascend, three or four days before, and all Switzerland was then talking of a like calamity which had befallen some English pedestrians, who had ascended in very inclement weather, about the end of August. We knew, however, from ample experience, that these accidents rarely occur where there has been no want of precaution, and even Balmat, who had so nearly lost his hands on Mont Blanc, a week before,* entertained no fear of the consequences of undertaking the expedition.

After we had made all our arrangements, ordered our provisions, and fixed our hour of starting, we learned that another English gentleman, staying in the house, was going to set off on the same expedition half-an-hour later than ourselves, and we soon came to an agreement to combine our forces—an arrangement profitable to both parties, for *we* could hardly expect not to make some blunders in shaping our course, which would make us lose time and add to our labour; and, on the other hand, as the snow was likely to be deep, eight would find it lighter work than three. We watched a glorious sunset; and as the daylight faded away, the great comet stole into life, above the mountains in the west.

The next morning we rose before two, and found a cup of hot coffee and a quarrel in readiness for us. The two guides of our new friend were "locals;" one of them belonging to Visp, the other to Zermatt. Our three men were *outsiders* from another district, and were about to commit the unpardonable offence of poaching on the Zermatt manor. There were half-a-dozen other Zermatt men in the house, and they and the landlord combined in an attempt to punish us for our interference with their "vested rights." I heard high words freely bandied about below, and, on going down stairs, found our François Cachat remonstrating against the provisions selected for our use. There was, indeed, good reason for his complaints—a leg of lean mutton, full of veins and gristle, a hunch of black bread, insufficient in quantity and bad in quality, were the staple articles offered us for a most laborious day. When the landlord saw me arrive on the scene he slunk into a sort of den, but I ferreted him out, and remonstrated with him as the magnitude of the offence deserved. He had reproached our men with not making us take provisions

* See p. 146 of the present volume.

enough. Other people, he said, spent sixty francs in fowls and wine, and etceteras of one sort or another: we had ordered what would not come up to a sixth of that amount. Then the guides chimed in, and declared they would not start with us, to show our Chamouni men the way, unless we would take one of the Zermatt guides as well. One of the latter had actually dressed and breakfasted in anticipation of being able to profit by our necessities. Of course, the landlord professed himself an ill-used innocent: he knew nothing of the confederacy against us, and to him it was a matter of pure indifference how much or how little we chose to take. Our friend of last evening now made his appearance, and found his recalcitrant guides refuse to stir. We expressed our regret at being the cause of any trouble or annoyance to him, and offered to separate from his party, and either go on ahead or follow an hour or two later, as he might choose; but he showed great courtesy and spirit,—would hear of nothing of the kind; declined any discussion with his guides, and offered them the simple choice of going with us or staying behind: it was a matter for them, he said, not for him. At the same time he joined in my onslaught on our host, and our united attacks soon silenced the enemy's fire. Better provender was sulkily brought out; and the guides, with equal sulkiness, prepared to "eat the leek," and follow in our train. All this fracas, however, took some time, and it was quite three o'clock when we filed off from the hotel. We had been promised a lantern, the better to pick our way over the top of the Gornergrat range, but the landlord could not make up his mind to forego inflicting *some* annoyance, and he accordingly would not find it, and declared his further inability to furnish us with raisins, which are a great comfort in a long and hard ascent, and which had been readily forthcoming on the previous evening. It was, however, a great consolation to think of the Zermatt guide, his early breakfast, and his rueful face as he turned away from the door,—a sadder, and we trusted a wiser, man. One of our local friends still sulked, in no common degree, and kept out of sight of us in the darkness. It was not for nearly three hours afterwards that he deigned to draw near, and give us the pleasure of his company. The other, a smart, brisk, merry, good-tempered fellow, recovered himself directly, and apologized for having appeared in the mess at all: he was of Visp; and he declared (whether truly or not it is impossible to say) that the Zermatt men threatened him with a sound beating if he did not join their faction. At all events, if he had been less unwilling to do so than he represented himself, he made the best atonement he could for his error, and proved himself active and intelligent, thoroughly conversant with the route, a bold iceman, a bold cragsman, and a cheerful and pleasant companion.

It was a perfect September night. The temperature was $4^{\circ}.5$ Centigrade (about 40° Fahrenheit), and the stars shone brightly out of a cloudless sky. The comet was now descending rapidly towards the dark outline of the Gornergrat; the magnificent constellation of Orion was in front of us, and seemed like a bright omen of success, as we groped our way across the broken turf by which we had to

ascend to a gap in the ridge, where the path to the glacier begins. The omen, interpreted aright, however, betokened a not unclouded day; for some of the largest stars were surrounded by a thin veil of mist, through which their bright rays bravely fought their way, and reached us scarcely less brilliant than they were before encountering the vapour. We could scarcely see a trace of snowy mountains before us: Monte Rosa and the neighbouring summits are not visible from the Riffelberg, being hidden by the intervening range of the Gornergrat. When we first started, the Matterhorn towered in solitary grandeur on our right, his great glaciers streaming down on every side, and lighting up the gloom of the deep valley beneath with a dim and spectral light. We turned to the left almost at once, and left him behind us; and as we rose gently on the soft turf of the Gornergrat, a huge wall of crag and snow loomed upon us through the darkness, and we distinguished the Breithorn, and to its left the Lyskamm, and, last of all, the great mountain we were about to assail, which, with a due regard to effect, was concealed from us for some time after the other peaks were full in view. The effect of that dim starlight on glacier scenery is peculiarly striking: it is impossible to form any conception of the actual or relative distances of different objects; and when we reached the gap of the Gornergrat, the great Gorner glacier, which swept beneath our feet many hundreds of feet below us, seemed so close, that a step or two ought to bring us to it. We had, however, a good hour's walk before we reached it, for it stretches out its long length for several miles at the foot of the Gornergrat range; and a little path has been cut in the mountain side, descending very gently all the way, by which you gain the glacier at no great distance from the base of Monte Rosa. This path is safer by night than by day, for it is a favourite pastime with visitors to the Gornergrat (with ladies, especially, I am told), to roll down stones from above, which render the passage neither agreeable nor safe. The path requires some little caution in the dark, for in one or two places it passes at the top of precipitous gullies, or on ledges in smooth slabs of rock, down which you would go much further than you liked, if you chanced to slip. It was somewhere about half-past four when we reached the ice, and climbed up the sloping bank which forms the edge of the glacier. It was freezing very hard, as we found out, when it was necessary to help ourselves up the first few paces with our hands as well as our knees. Here my friend H. had the misfortune to drop his alpenstock into a crevasse, whence it could not be recovered; and one of our men was obliged, in consequence, to go without a stick the whole day long—a great addition to his labour.

After passing a few yards further on to the glacier, the ice was entirely uncrevassed; but we had to pick our way with care, to avoid stumbling into little pits of water, of which it was singularly full. They were just frozen over, and if we had wet our feet thoroughly by stepping into them, there might have been serious risk of frost-bite, later in the day. It was rapidly getting lighter, however, and we were all fortunate enough to escape a wetting of any consequence.

The break of day was very grand. It was later in the season than I have been accustomed to watch it on such expeditions, and the dull, dead, violet which I first noticed over the precipices of the Lyskamm, was to me a most unusual tint. It reminded me strongly of the skies in pictures and panoramas I have seen of scenes in the Arctic regions. The glacier appears but a stone's throw across, when seen from the Gornergrat—but it was quite light before we had traversed it, and a delicate rosy blush, the herald of the day, reflected from the sky above or from some cloud in the east, was flung over the long snowy, rounded summit of the Lyskamm. It was not the true daylight, however, for the great Matterhorn still slept in the dead cold white which is the hue of lofty peaks before daylight breaks.

Monte Rosa rises at the head of the Gorner glacier, in one huge hump, totally destitute of the graceful proportions of Mont Blanc. Nor is it surrounded, like the monarch of the Alps, by a forest of those needle-like peaks to which the appropriate name of "Aiguilles" has been given. The Gorner glacier streams from it in three great arms—those on the right and left holding the "hump" in a close embrace, while the middle portion issues from the very heart of the mountain itself. As we stand face to face with Monte Rosa, on the central portion of the Gorner glacier, looking into the great rocky basin out of which it comes forth on its long journey to the valley, where the ice-existence is destined to fade away, and to take a new and more vigorous life, as an impetuous and resistless mountain torrent, we see that the least elevated portion of the glacier lies to our left, and has its origin in the long ridge of snow connecting the upper extremity of the Gornergrat range with the mass of Monte Rosa. Close underneath the mountain, the ridge attains a height of perhaps ten or eleven thousand feet; but Monte Rosa itself shoots forth from it, in a broken wall of nearly perpendicular rock, which can scarcely be less than two thousand feet high. Above this huge precipice is a long, sharp ridge of snow, leading up to the Nord-end-Spitze, the northernmost of several points which are all called by the generic name of summits. From the lower part of this snow-ridge springs another set of precipices, coming forward towards the spectator with a rapidly lowering outline. This range curves gently round from its highest to its lowest portion, bending from right to left, and then again from left to right, like the printer's mark at the beginning of a parenthesis. The other mark, to complete the parenthesis, is the right-hand boundary of the mass of Monte Rosa—a series of precipitous cliffs of rock, broken by steep curtains and rounded faces of glacier, which bind together the higher and the lower systems of crags. The parenthetical matter included between these two gigantic curves could hardly be left out without seriously damaging the general effect, for it comprehends the great central basin of Monte Rosa—the reservoir of the middle arm of the Gorner glacier. The two parenthesis-marks form a considerable portion of a circle. The circle, however, would be one inclined at a very steep angle to a horizontal plane, for the edge of the rocky wall on either hand rises very steeply, all the way from the foot of Monte Rosa nearly to the

summit. The two boundaries, right and left, converge at the bottom, and force the vast mass of glacier which descends from the central portion of Monte Rosa to pass at length down a steep but even incline through a comparatively narrow passage, its only means of escape into the valley, down which the collection of glacier systems from Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm and the Breithorn, descend towards Zermatt.

The rounded irregular basin which occupies the central portion of Monte Rosa is filled with ice from top to bottom. Three or four considerable masses of rock alone diversify the vast extent of white. These masses group themselves in a kind of dotted inner ring within the greater boundary just described, and with the humps which form the lowest portion of either of the great boundary systems, make a very tolerable circle. Their effect upon the glacier is shown by the dirtier aspect it wears beneath them; due mainly to boulders, debris, and dust, partly rubbed off them by the movement of the glacier, partly split away by the action of alternate thaw and frost, and scattered by wind and tempest over the surface of the snow. Above them all is white and dazzling. Dome after dome of swelling snow rises from this ring of rocks nearly to the summit of the mountain, each either separated from its neighbour by a long wall of broken, shattered ice-cliffs, now very generally termed "Séracs," or connected with one another by a smooth curtain of unbroken snow. The upper part of the glacier system is little crevassed, and it is easy to see from below, or with more certainty from the Gornergrat, that the peculiar difficulties of Mont Blanc—the huge gulfs of crevasses and the labyrinths of broken and tumbled ice which must be passed—do not exist on Monte Rosa. On the other hand, it is equally easy to see that the ascent of the actual summit, a steep cone of mingled rock and glacier, may present most formidable difficulties of its own.

The left-hand boundary of the Gorner glacier—the range so often named as the Gornergrat—from its highest portion, called the Hochthäligrat, where rock and glacier unite nearly at the same level, to its lower extremity, a few miles above Zermatt, contributes nothing to the glacier stream. The right-hand boundary is perhaps the grandest chain of summits in the Alps, beginning with the Lyskamm, which is joined by a short snowy ridge to Monte Rosa, and separated from it by a deep valley, filled with a majestic and much-crevassed glacier, whence both mountains rise in precipitous majesty, continuing with the inferior peaks of the Zwillinge, or Castor and Pollux, the vast and frowning mass of the Breithorn, the smaller summit of the Little Mont Cervin, and ending in the awful pinnacle of the Matterhorn. The whole of this long line of rock and snow makes constant contributions to the Gorner glacier. How one comparatively narrow channel can receive all the huge ice-streams which pour into it, and convey their united contents to the valley below, strikes one as one of the greatest of the many marvels of the glacier world. Besides inferior glacier masses which overhang the Gorner in several places, no less than four enormous glaciers flow down from the intervals

between these great peaks, or from beneath their bases, the two largest being themselves compounds, each of two distinct affluents. So great an accumulation of ice forced into so narrow a bed is probably nowhere else to be seen.

But I am forgetting the actual ascent for the wonders of the way. About half past five we came to the rocks forming the western or right-hand boundary of the central glacier system of Monte Rosa. The sun was really rising now, for the Matterhorn was just tipped with gold. Here we left the glacier and climbed for about half an hour with great ease up the rocks. They were highly polished and rounded—*moutonnes*, as it is called—by the action of the glacier at some former period when it must have covered them; but also much broken up into separate masses, between which charming tufts of short rough Alpine grass were growing. It was getting near six o'clock when we reached a little valley of rocks, into which a tongue of glacier descended, and here we left a portion of our provisions, and took first to the snows of Monte Rosa himself. The next three or four hours' ascent, was to constitute the laborious part of the day's work. It is almost entirely up this right-hand side of the glacier system of Monte Rosa, that the ascent of is made. A certain hollow or gap between the actual summit on the left, and a snowy protuberance on the right, lying very nearly straight above the point we had reached, is called the "Saddle," and it is from this "Saddle" that the last and formidable climb must be begun. To reach this "Saddle," which we gained three or four hours later, we diverged less to the right or to the left than in any other great ascent I have made. We began by scaling a slope of snow broken by rocks of about 38° , as measured by the clinometer. In the afternoon we descended this slope in less than five minutes, but it took us a good half hour to climb it. This brought us to a fine snowy dome surmounting one of the faces of rock I have described as forming the right-hand boundary of the glacier system. We now made a short slanting course to the right, and then, addressing ourselves straight to the next slope of snow, passed without the least difficulty through a portion of the glacier where alone I should have anticipated some embarrassment from the crevasses. We now entered one of those delusive *hollows*, which, seen from below, are always supposed to give a space of level, if not of descending, walking; but which always turn out quite otherwise. It was a relief, however, for the incline was gentle, which is more than I can say for most of Monte Rosa. Another slope was now climbed, at the top of which we passed again through a small system of crevasses, and emerged into a second seeming hollow, where we had on our left a magnificent wall of ruddy crags, hundreds of feet high, which ran by our side for many minutes, though from the Gornergrat they look like a mere speck. Then came another steep and unbroken slope, up which we were obliged to zig-zag. Each time we reached the right hand end of our zig-zags, we were rewarded by a grand view of the great system of precipices, raising this part of Monte Rosa above the Lyskamm valley. They cannot be less than from 1,000 to 1,500 feet in height.

Arrived at the top of this slope we found ourselves at the brink of a long, wide and deep crevasse, so completely masked, that it was not till we looked over the ridge of snow which formed its lower edge, that we had a suspicion of its existence. We had to go far to the right to turn it; and then entered upon the last and steepest of the snow-slopes, up which we zig-zagged perseveringly, against an ever-increasing inclination, till all at once we found ourselves unexpectedly walking more on a level, and a few steps brought us to the long-wished-for "Saddle."

During the greater part of this ascent, the cold was intense; for the last two hours the snow had been quite dry and powdery, showing that even the mid-day sun of the previous days, hot as it had seemed to us in the valleys, had had no power to melt it, and consequently the cold of the night had had no effect in compacting it, and had rendered no service to the climber. At every step we sank nearly to the knees, and even then hardly found secure footing. It was difficult to keep one's feet from freezing. In spite of rabbits'-fur wrapped round the toes, and secured and supplemented by a coating of grease (an invaluable precaution), in spite of two pairs of stockings, it was only by dint of energetic kicking of one foot against the other, that any ghost of life was kept in them. The mountain itself had lain between us and sunlight; once, soon after nine o'clock, we had come upon the welcome beams, straggling, if I remember right, through the Saddle itself; and for some short time, we had enjoyed the cheering rays. I remember particularly feeling some little warmth, as we skirted the long and deep crevasse; but the slope became steeper, and we entered the shade it cast. The wind at the same time became stronger and keener, and we toiled up the last snow-slopes exposed to cold of no common kind. I was feeling greatly the fatigues of the last week, which my friend H. had not fully shared; he had ascended Mont Blanc two days before myself, and had had two days of comparative rest, while I was making that expedition. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that I had been pounding on for some time in a state of mind and body by no means to be envied. My limbs tottered, my heart beat violently, my eyes shut against my will, and nothing but a stern application of a maxim of Balmat's, "*Les pantalons blancs ne reculent jamais*," (I wore a pair of white flannel cricketing trousers,) carried me on. It was only objects of powerful interest that roused me. For instance, on meeting the sunlight it had been proposed to take a glass of wine, and that had stirred me to unwonted life. I drank freely of a vile compound of bad marsala, cognac, and water, dignified by the pretentious name of "old sherry" (save the mark!) The great crevasse was exquisitely bedecked with icicles, and its grim depth of beautiful horrors sufficed to rouse me again from my trance. Within a few yards of the "Saddle" we passed the end of a wild abyss of crevasse, evidently part of a "*bergschrand*," at the foot of the far steeper slope above, into which the most wearied or incurious passer-by could hardly look without interest or excitement.

On the "Saddle" itself, however, apathy was out of the question.

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A few rocks jutted up on either hand, and below them almost a sheer precipice of ice and snow fell away to an enormous glacier basin on the other side, whose existence we had not so much as conjectured before, but which takes its origin in the precipices beneath the summit, or *Höchste Spitze*, itself, and is bounded by the ridge connecting Monte Rosa with the *Lyskamm*. That ridge we had imagined to be close to the "Saddle;" but now, for the first time, we saw that it sweeps away from beneath the *Höchste Spitze*, and lies far back from the ridge on which we stood. I have rarely gazed down so very precipitous a wall of rock and ice and snow as that on which we were now perched. To our right was a little hump of snow; but the point of interest was on our left—for there lay a long, narrow ridge of ice, crowned with outcropping rocks, and rising very sharply from our feet. This was the beginning of the famous cone of Monte Rosa himself; and the narrow portal through which we gazed upon the depths of the glacier below was the spot now so well known to Alpine wanderers as the "Saddle."

We now called a halt, the first of any consequence we had made since starting. We had breakfasted at two, and it was now nearly ten o'clock, and we all felt that food was a necessity. We descended a few feet on the further side of the "Saddle," to some straggling rocks. It was ludicrous enough to see us, all blue in the face with cold, and kicking our feet against the rocks as hard as we could, to revive them. There was sunlight, but it was dimmed by having to pierce some white clouds, so that it caused us little warmth, and the wind was as fearful as any I ever encountered. It is difficult for any one who has had no experience of them to form a conception of what these mountain winds are, on elevated summits. They are armed with a dry, scorching, penetrating cold against which no clothing is proof, and they facilitate frost-bite more than any other accident of weather. Balmat had nearly lost his hands on *Mont Blanc*, a week before, and I was in real anxiety about him, especially as his feet also were very much benumbed. Mine were very cold, but not quite so senseless as his. I believe all of us would have been in danger if we had had to submit to that wind for many minutes. Still, eating and drinking were absolutely necessary, though we performed them as speedily as we could—so hurriedly that, I regret to say, I left a valuable many-bladed knife—a very old friend—behind me on the rocks. We had brought some champagne with us—an inestimable resource in the mountains—and it put new life and vigour into us all; and in a very few minutes we had resumed our journey. The knapsacks were left behind at the Saddle, and an apparatus for boiling water, as a means of measuring heights, I was reluctantly obliged to leave also, for I felt that I had no right to endanger myself or others by staying to use it in such a climate.

The *Höchste Spitze*, for which we were bound, was not visible at first, being concealed by the ridge we had now to climb; but shortly after we started, a slight bend in the direction of the ridge revealed it towering still more than a thousand feet above us. I confess I had very little hope of being able to reach it, in the face of the awful

blast which was shrieking and roaring about us ; but, by a fortunate accident, we had not been ten minutes on our way when it began to fall, and before long it was almost a calm. Sometimes, the steep slope we had to mount is all hard ice ; then every step must be cut with the hatchet, and the process is long and most fatiguing. Happily for us, the very edge of the ridge was snow, and we were able to dispense almost entirely with step-cutting. In many places, at a couple of feet to our left, all was hard as ice and smooth as glass. To our right was a few inches' width of snow, and then a rocky precipice. The precipice was sometimes absolutely perpendicular, and of course quite bare of snow, and for scores of feet marked by nothing to break the sheer descent ; sometimes merely so steep as to be the next thing to perpendicular. Nowhere, however, could we see more than a few dozen feet down the wall of rock ; and then the next object was the glacier basin, a good thousand feet beneath !

We toiled slowly up the snow, for the ridge was very steep (I measured it in descending, and found the angle 36°), and there was no room to zig-zag. At length the snow ended, and we took to a narrow ledge of rocks. The description usually given is literally true. It was in no place more than three feet wide ; in many, not a third of that width. On the right is a precipice ; on the left a bank of snow, so steep as to be just as bad. This sounds awful enough ; but I must say that to me the passage seemed, as we found it, destitute alike of danger and difficulty. The rocks are solid, not friable and treacherous as on the Wetterhorn ; there is good hand-hold and foot-hold, and a slip seemed to me all but impossible. I can conceive that, when covered with ice, as they often are, they may require the utmost caution ; but we had the singular good fortune to find our path thickly paved with snow, or metalled with the solid rock. I can give no better idea of my own feeling of security than by the following fact. In spite of fingerless gloves, well lined with foxes' fur, my hands were numbed and senseless ; and, in order to warm them, I stuck first one, and then the other, into the waistband of my trousers, and actually walked nearly all the way along this terrible ridge with only one hand disengaged. I remember well one place where the ridge was narrowest. There were two large blocks of stone, three or four feet apart. Between them was a little hollow, filled with snow, and in the snow I saw the footprints of my predecessors, in the hollow. It never occurred to me to go down and up again, and I jumped from one block to the other, as a matter of course.

From the top of the first snow-slope we saw exactly what lay before us—a short clambering descent, a narrow level ridge of snow, then a second ridge, shorter, but very much steeper, than the first, and above that another narrow ridge of rocks. Of course, it was the same sort of work again—but if that short connecting ridge were ice instead of snow, it would be the worst place of all to cross ; and I am inclined to think I should prefer to sit astride and work myself along in that position. These horizontal ridges are far more trying to walk along than those which have a steep inclination, and they

are always narrower. This, being of snow and not of ice, offered no difficulty, and the last ridge was quickly attacked. It proved in equally good condition with the first, and led us to a steep climb over the rocks, ending in a couple of little chimneys, one after the other. Near the top of the second, a rock had fallen in, and half filled it up, so that passing it was like climbing round a projecting coping. However, hands and knees will do a good deal, and so far on our day's journey, this was not likely to stop us. Being tired, I had gone last, not to hinder any one else, and on poking my head out of the top of the second chimney, I found, to my great surprise, "no more worlds to conquer," nothing but blue sky above me, my companions already seated about on one ledge or another—and I was on the top of Monte Rosa.

It is literally true that on the summit of Monte Rosa there is not room for two persons to stand at a time; but there is a mass of jumbled rocks about the summit on which we all found space to stand, and even to move about. On every side abrupt precipices fall away from the *Höchste Spitze*. The most abrupt are on the north-west, or *Gornegrat* side, and here I, being securely tied by a rope, descended three or four feet, and scraping away the snow, built up a little construction of stones, within which I placed a self-registering thermometer, and covered it again, to the depth of two or three feet, with snow. I shall be curious to learn to what point it has descended during the winter.

The panoramic view from Monte Rosa is one of almost unrivalled interest. I cannot compare it with that of Mont Blanc, for twice has the weather been against me, and I do not yet know what is to be seen from that, the only peak in Europe loftier than Monte Rosa; but my friend H., who had had a glorious view, ten days before, from Mont Blanc, declared that it was quite eclipsed by what we now beheld. There were, alas! multitudes of clouds, but they did not form a solid bank of impenetrable obscurity, as when I stood, that day week, almost at the same hour, on the summit of Mont Blanc. The clouds, as usual, lay thickest on the Italian side; but between them we saw plainly the Lago Maggiore, the plains of Italy, and the distant Apennines. The Sesia springs from a huge glacier almost at our feet; but the Sesia's tide was yet uncrimsoned, and the heavy clouds that floated below us were charged with fertility, not with desolation. I little thought, as I gazed upon the rich and peaceful scene—so grateful a contrast to the eternal snow and lifeless rocks which encompassed us—what deeper and more tragic interests would shortly gather round that fated land, or how soon amidst those fruitful plains would

"some stream obscure, some uncouth name,
By deeds of blood be lifted into fame."

Least of all, was there anything to suggest to us that aught was threatening in the west, for there the whole range of Mont Blanc stood out sharp and clear against the blue sky. The great "Calotte" of the Alpine monarch, the *Mur de la Côte*, the *Col du Géant*, the *Grandes Jorasses*, the *Aiguille Verte*, were as distinctly visible as on

a map. We saw them nearly over the ridge of the Lyskamm. A vast mountain stood out much nearer to us in majestic proportions. It was the Grand Combin; behind which was displayed the rugged outline of the Velan, though in diminished size. Nearly in a line with these, but of course much nearer to us, rose the sharpest and sublimest of the peaks of Europe—the stupendous Matterhorn—a narrow pyramid of rock, scarcely flecked with snow, and literally looking higher from where we stood than it did from the valley of Zermatt, nearly eleven thousand feet below. No words can convey the grandeur of the range of peaks of which the Matterhorn now formed the intermediate point—the Lyskamm, the Zwillinge, the Breithorn, the Little Mont Cervin leading up to him along a huge rampart of rock and glacier streaming with a score of vast ice-streams pouring down towards the great central flood of the Gorner; the chain continuing with the Gabelhörner, the Rothhorn, the Weisshorn, and the Bruneckhorn, over which were seen a multitude of inferior summits. The Dent d'Erin, which I had seen two days before, from the Col d'Erin, to the right of the Matterhorn, and rivalling it in sublimity, now lay to the left of that peak, and was dwarfed into comparatively insignificant dimensions. To the north and north-west, the eye ranged over a troubled sea of peaks, in which the great summits of the Oberland were of course conspicuous: the Jungfrau standing up in one sharp well-defined pyramid, followed by the long ridge of the Eiger, after which came the pointed peak of the Finsteraarhorn. Rather nearer, and very prominent, were the twin summits of the Engelhörner, and nearer still the huge rocky masses of the Aletschhorn, with the great glacier of the Aletsch streaming round its base. Far, far away, beyond all these nearer ranges, are the snowy peaks of the Grisons; and further still in the east and south-east, are even the distant groups of the Ortler Spitz, and the Bernina; so that even the two score leagues that roll between us and the remote Tyrol, are as nothing to the eyes that gaze on them from this commanding station.

Perhaps, after all, some of the sublimest objects are the nearer ones. North of us rises a fearful peak, at no great distance, and scarce two hundred feet lower than our own; but connected with the Höchste Spitz by a ridge so steep that we could not see the portions close to us. This is the Nord End Spitze, which from many a point of view appears the true summit, and which, from what we saw, I believe to be far more difficult of access than Monte Rosa itself. Beneath it, to the right, so near that one would fancy it possible to throw a stone upon it, lies Macugnaga, at least two miles of absolute depth below. The highest part of the famous Weiss Thor passage, and the fearful precipices down which a passage may be won from Zermatt to Macugnaga, were excellently seen. The sharp outline of the Nord End Spitze forbade us to follow the whole of the pass, from the head of the Hochthäligrat ridge to the commencement of the descent.

It is often reckoned three hours' work to reach the summit of Monte Rosa from the Saddle. In our case they had dwindled into one. It was barely eleven when we gained the top, and despite the cold,

we managed to stay there three quarters of an hour, when, being all chilled to the bones, we thought it as well to descend. I remember well how my teeth chattered and all the bones in my body seemed to be playing rough music against one another. The descent required some caution and all one's eyesight, but by a quarter past twelve, we were all seated once more upon the Saddle, where, happily, the wind was now moderate, and I was able to boil some water. The Saddle, I make by this test to be about 6,160 feet above the Riffelberg. Oddly enough, I have not been able to find an exact measurement of the Riffelberg, but assuming it to be about 8,000 feet, the Saddle would be about 14,100, or 14,200 above the sea, which, I apprehend, is not very far from the truth.

We started down again about one o'clock. The snow was excessively fatiguing. It was quite powdery; and the sun, which was now oppressively hot, seemed to have no power to melt it. In fact, whenever I took any up in my hand, I found it required some length of exposure to the heat of the hand before it could be squeezed into a snowball. I was by this time getting very tired; but I could not help turning aside to look at the grand crevasses we passed every now and then. One of them extended for hundreds of yards, with a breadth varying from 50 to 100 feet: it showed in long lines of horizontal stratification the beds of snow of many a different year, and vast icicles hung from the upper edge to a depth of many feet. In another place, a great cliff of glacier, separating a lower from an upper dome, overhung the perpendicular by many degrees, and displayed along its face no less than fifteen beds of snow, belonging to as many successive years. By-and-by I was wholly unable to stand the pace of my fresher companions, and sent them on ahead, while Balmat and I followed at our leisure. I was glad of the gentler pace on another account, as it allowed me to look at many things for which I had not time before. The grandeur of some of the rock precipices on our left struck me very much, and in one place it was enhanced by the débris of a magnificent "Sérac," which had tumbled over since we had passed by in the morning. Presently we came upon three great crevasses, presented endways to us, and running parallel to one another in the direction of the Matterhorn. We fought our way through the deep snow to gaze into them, and found two of them to be actual valleys in the ice, not less than 100 feet wide and 200 feet deep, one side overhanging the base by many feet, and with several successive rows of icicles depending from the softer snow at the top.

The sun beat down on to these exposed slopes with uncommon force, and there was not a breath of air to take off from the effect of the burning heat reflected from the snow. I experienced an exhaustion such as I have rarely felt. The snow-slopes had seemed long enough in mounting, but now I fancied them actually longer, and several times I was obliged to fling myself on my back on the snow, and to lie there some minutes before I could proceed. The great curtain above the last rocks appeared an *ignis fatuus*; the nearer we approached the farther it retired. However, even it was reached

at last, and we had a fine view of the rocks below, on either side, composing the barrier of the aperture through which the central glacier descends. Those on the right were gneiss, those on the left granite. At the bottom of this slope we entered on the little defile conducting from the glacier to the rocks; and just before reaching it I noticed a curious phenomenon, which had escaped me in the morning. Several lines of moraine, at a few feet from one another, were ranged side by side with the nicest parallelism. We turned aside to examine them, and found they had all come from some precipices above, whence they had tumbled on to the glacier, and had been brought down in regular lines without any lateral displacement.

There is a great difference, after all, between going up hill and going down hill, and despite my deadly fatigue, I reached the rocks where H. was waiting for me by half-past two, and after a short quarter of an hour's rest and a drink of lemonade manufactured on the spot, was ready to continue my homeward route. By the time we reached the Gorner glacier, my exhaustion had so entirely disappeared, that we prolonged our walk very materially, by continuing on the glacier for several miles, and turning aside hither and thither in all directions to examine the numerous objects of interest it presented. A steep climb of twenty minutes, up the side of the Gornergrat, brought us suddenly upon my wife, sketching and wondering where we could have gone, for although she had traced us from eight in the morning, she had lost sight of us when we descended the rocks above the Gorner glacier, and could never distinguish us again on its broad and trackless surface. A short and pleasant half-hour's walk brought us safely to the Riffelberg, where we were quietly settled by five o'clock after a day of (to me) uncommon fatigue, but also of unusual interest.

I was very glad, the next morning, that we had not taken the day's rest I had so much wished for. The clouds hung heavy on Monte Rosa, it was snowing on many of the neighbouring peaks, and the wind was fearful. As I sat on the Gornergrat, jotting down the outlines from which this sketch has been filled up, I heard it raging furiously, howling and screeching far above my head in the clear open sky, where there was nothing to provoke its fury. Against such a blast we should have had no chance of success, and should have been happy enough if we had met with no accident.

NOTE.—I have spoken of the Messrs. Smyth as the first travellers who gained the summit of Monte Rosa. While these pages were in the press, I fell in accidentally with an interesting little work, published at Aosta, in 1855, entitled "*Les Alpes Pennines dans un jour*," by the Canon Carrel of that city, in which it is said that the Schlagintweits of Berlin, two very celebrated travellers and geologists, preceded the Messrs. Smyth by three years. M. Carrel is an eminent man of science, and I have no doubt he is correct. I commend his little book to those who are likely to visit Aosta or the neighbourhood; they will find a great deal of valuable information, nicely given, and in a small compass.

VIII.

TOWN AND FOREST.

CHAPTER XI.

MARGARET.

"My crime? this wasted frame to feed,
I seized the food! your witness saw.
I knew your laws forbade the deed,
But yielded to a harsher law."—CRABBE.

"Poscia più che dolor, potè il digiuno."—DANTE.

WHAT has become of Margaret?

In the course of the week following her parting with Ellen, she finished her sack-work, and found there was no more to be had. Then she went about, inquiring for work, but without success.

Margaret's heart sank; she had husbanded her little earnings with the utmost closeness, yet had spent them all, though she was faint for want of food, and she had nothing left to sell.

She had often thought of Ellen, and hoped she would look in on her, and fancied she heard her light foot on the stairs; but all in vain.

Extremity of want at length drove her to seek Ellen and implore aid. She drew her wretched shawl around her, and, towards dusk, timidly entered the little shop. But no Ellen was behind the counter; in her place stood a neat, active-looking woman of fifty, whose countenance, though good-tempered, was sharp, and did not diminish Margaret's timidity.

"What is your business, my good woman?" said she, shortly.

"Can I speak with Miss Miller?" faltered Margaret.

"Miss Miller is in the country, and has been there several days. She is not expected home for some time."

Margaret had not another word to say. She withdrew with a feeling of keen disappointment, and a tear coursed her thin cheek. She retraced her steps in utter despondency.

As she passed a cook's-shop, with slices of cold meat and pudding invitingly displayed in the window, she quickly turned her head away, for she could not endure the too tempting sight. She was almost wild with hunger; and as she passed a man selling hot potatoes and roasted apples at the corner of a street, she felt ready to make a snatch at one, and run off with it. What *should* she do?

The next morning she felt less hungry, but weaker. She crept out again in search of work, and strayed on and on, through squalid streets where, in dingy shop windows, inferior bread was sold retail, in conjunction with "cuttings" of rusty bacon, and fragments from butchers' shops, technically called "pieces." Looking into a small, dirty shop, not far from the Minories, she saw a man

turning over some unmade articles of clothing. She went in and asked him if he could give her some work.

The man looked sharply at her, and asked her one or two questions. Then he held up a very smart-looking waistcoat, partly made, and said, "What will you take for finishing this?"

"What you please," said Margaret, hesitatingly, and afraid of losing the job.

"There, then," said he, throwing it towards her, "I'll give you threepence-halfpenny for finishing it, and supply you with twist, thread, and buttons."

"That is very little," said Margaret, wistfully.

"Why, it will be a better bargain to you than to me," said he. "A Jew tailor is to pay me sixpence for it, and I am to find the thread and the twist. I shall only clear three-halfpence by the job.* You may take it or leave it."

He looked almost as wretched as herself; and there appeared little chance of his raising his price. With a deep sigh she took it, leaving him her name and address.

A mizzling rain had set in; by the time she reached home she was wet through. Chilled and comfortless, she was crawling up stairs, when her landlady met her, and sharply reminded her that her week's rent was due. Margaret said despairingly, "I have some work here I expect to finish before dark. I hope to get paid by-and-by."

It was but a subterfuge, for she knew that the threepence-halfpenny would not pay her rent, nor even supply her with bread till Monday morning. The woman, however, went away satisfied, and Margaret set to work, tremulous with weakness and excitement. She worked fast, but, just before she had completed her task, she suddenly became giddy, and fell on the floor. There she lay till she recovered herself again; and, scarcely able to sit up, resumed and finished her work. It was getting dusk: she had a long wet walk before her, for her miserable pittance. As she went along, a savage desire for food seized her; she felt she must eat or die; nay, eat, if to eat *were* to die. It was a stronger temptation than Eve's. Instead of going to her employer's, she turned into the first pawnbroker's, forced her way through a group of people looking as woe-begone as herself, and pledged the waistcoat for five shillings!

Then she rushed into the nearest eating-house, and hoarsely said, "Soup—a basin of hot, good soup, with meat in it; and a good piece of bread."

In a minute or two she was swallowing it, almost scalding hot. It was well that the heat made her take it less greedily, or it might have killed her. It was strong, nourishing, relishing soup, well spiced, with savoury slices of onion and carrot, and morsels of stewed meat bobbing about in it. She devoured it as Esau devoured the pottage, and was warmed and satiated.

Then, after sitting still a little while, she gave a deep sigh, laid

* Authentic.

down a shilling for the soup, and went forth. She bought bread, cheese, and tea by the way, and paid her rent. Then she lay down in the dark, to feel she had committed a crime, and to wish herself dead.

“Ahi, dura terra ! perchè non t’apristi ?”

The next morning she woke strengthened and refreshed. She made a tolerable breakfast, but without much relish. She had lost her self-respect ; and she had a vague dread of the morrow.

She could not make up her mind to go out. She sat idly watching the people in the court, haggling, gossiping, and squabbling. What a different Sabbath from that spent with Ellen !

Towards dusk, her solitude became intolerable. The streets were dry ; she resolved to go forth, without any settled purpose. She walked on and on, in a slow, slouching kind of way, looking dully at the groups of tidy, cheerful people flocking to church and chapel ; but she sought neither. Thus she strayed along, and was beginning to feel inexpressibly mournful, and a strange longing for running water, or a still, deep pool, began to overtake her ; and somebody seemed telling her how quiet and still it would be underneath ; and she said, oh ! no, no, she could not bear it ; she was afraid ; and the other seemed to say there was nothing to be afraid of, and nothing else to do ; to-morrow would be too late—this way ! this way ! . . . and——

“I doesn’t mind going *there*,” one poor woman was saying, in passing, to another, “for he makes us all welcome, and we’re all so shabby that none can sneer at the others. He says the Lord Jesus sent him expressly to such as we.”

O, blessed hearing ! *To such as we ?* Margaret followed the two poor women as they entered a very humble doorway, and there she found herself in a very poor room, containing about twenty poor people, as meanly clad as herself, taking part in a service of some sort, already begun. She heard a deep, clear, earnest, persuasive voice, in accents that sank into the heart, saying—

“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest ! Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burthen is light.”

She listened and wept. Afterwards, he went on to say—“We are told of a man possessed by an evil spirit, which, by the great mercy of God, was cast out of him. This unhappy person, instead of testifying his gratitude for what the Lord had done by an altered walk, is represented as hurrying into an utterly reckless course of self-abandonment ; so that the evil one returning to see how it fared with his late captive, finds his soul literally laid open to his entrance, like a house swept and garnished for the welcome of the first guest that had a mind to turn in : on which he, quick as thought, summons seven other spirits, even more wicked than himself, to enter in and take possession ; and the last state of that man was worse than the first ! Now, can anything be conceived more appalling ? If ever there was a human creature beyond the pale of

God's forgiveness, and without the faintest hope of redemption, must it not have been such a man as this?"

"My friends, we have the sequel to the history of a person in precisely this case. There was a woman who, sorely tempted, no doubt, appears to have sorely sinned. Perhaps the sense of unforgiven, unrepented sin drove her *mad*, or left her exposed, in an extraordinary way, to the influence of the powers of darkness. This unhappy creature, who, in earlier days, may have been as innocent, as cheerful, as light-hearted, as beloved as any one living, was now an object for the finger of scorn to point at—given up by her friends as lost! Out of that woman our Lord cast seven devils! Yes! though her last state had been worse than her first, he took her part! Though a strong man armed had taken possession of the citadel, another came to the rescue, who proved himself stronger than he, bound him neck and heels, and cast him out, never to return! Let none ever despair who can remember Mary Magdalene!

"Now, what was her future subsequent course? It was completely changed. She followed Jesus. Whatever she did, wherever she went, it was all at the will of Jesus. The voice of pleasure had no longer any allurements for her; neither was she susceptible to desperation or despair: she saw there was plenty of Christian work to be done, even by such a poor creature as herself; she hung on his words; she listened to his sermons; she learned from him how blessed are the meek, the merciful, the peaceful, the pure in heart; she learnt that even a cup of cold water, bestowed in his name, should not fail of its reward; she heard him say, 'Her sins are forgiven; for she *loved* much!' and, again, 'She hath done what she *could*.' Is it wonderful that the woman, when all his disciples forsook him and fled, stood with his mother, at the foot of his cross? and that she sought him in the sepulchre very early in the morning while it was yet dark? And how exquisite was her reward!"

Margaret listened with enchained attention. She knelt with the others, she tried to pray with the others, but her soul was heaving and tossing, like the troubled sea, that cannot rest. The others rose and departed, leaving her there, kneeling alone, her head upon her arms.

Mr. Bolter, taking his hat, and about to depart, suddenly became aware of her presence. He made as great a mistake as Eli did when he thought Hannah was drunken. Mr. Bolter thought Margaret was asleep. Lightly touching her on the shoulder, he said, "My good woman, the service is over. I dare say you were tired."

She raised her haggard face for a moment, and then, instead of rising, fell at his feet.

"Oh," said she, "I'm worse than Mary Magdalene."

Mr. Bolter, startled, awaited what she had to say.

"I have been dishonest," said she, "and I have been on the point of ending my wretched life."

He made her rise, and sit down. He spoke peace to her soul, in words calm, strong, and persuasive. She listened, wept, and was

comforted. He showed her there was forgiveness even for such as she was. Then he bade her go quietly home, and he would see her in the morning. She gave him her name and address, and went on her way consoled.

The next morning, though Mr. Bolter repaired early to Flag Court, he arrived too late—Margaret was already in the hands of justice. He followed her to the office where her case was being brought before the sitting magistrate, who was listening to it with great attention and patience.

It appeared that Messrs. Aarons, wholesale tailors and outfitters, had given the waistcoat to a man named Jones, or Jonas, who undertook to get it made for a shilling. Jones had a stitching-machine, which stitched the seams, for which he reserved to himself sixpence, and then turned over the waistcoat to the man who had employed Margaret, whose name was Samuels, who was to receive the other sixpence for finishing the waistcoat. He, as has been seen, gave Margaret the work to do for threepence halfpenny.

A tailor in court said the materials were worth seven shillings, and the waistcoat, finished as it was, would probably sell for twelve shillings. Mr. D'Arlincourt, touched with the emaciated appearance of Margaret, and of Samuels, sent for Mr. Aarons, who refused to attend, saying he was too busy.

Mr. D'Arlincourt said it was clear this was a system which gradually ground the workpeople to the dust. Most sincerely did he wish that dealers, by contenting themselves with smaller profits, would enable their workpeople to receive more suitable remuneration.

Margaret was then ordered to pay the redeeming value, or, in default, to be imprisoned three days, and was fined five shillings for the illegal pawning; failing to pay which, she was to be subjected to additional imprisonment.

Mr. Bolter desperately rummaged his pockets;—alas! they only contained about half the amount. Meanwhile, Margaret was carried off to prison; but he hastened to Mr. Truebury's house of business, and, briefly acquainting him with the case, immediately obtained the needful sum for Margaret's release.

When the poor creature found herself once more in the open air, she staggered, and would have fallen to the ground, had not Mr. Bolter caught her. With white lips that almost refused utterance, she said to him:—

"I think I am going to be very ill. Can you take me to some hospital?"

"I can and will," replied he, with the utmost kindness.

The next instant she fainted away. Leaving her in charge of a neat, venerable old woman, who had been watching them from her shop-door with great commiseration, he again hurried off to Mr. Truebury, got an order for her admission into the nearest hospital, returned to her in a cab, placed her, just recovering, in it, and drove off with her. He waited about the hospital till she had been placed in bed and seen by the house-surgeon, who pronounced her to be sickening of a low fever. He saw her, spoke a few cheering

words, bade her place her faith in God, and took his leave with a heavy heart.

In that hospital Margaret remained six weeks. For some time she hovered on the brink of the grave; but it pleased God that she should at length recover.

When Mr. Bolter next visited his kind superintendent, with what intense interest Dr. Grace listened to his detailed report of the cases of Pharaoh and Margaret!

CHAPTER XII.

IS SEEING BELIEVING?

“Look upon this picture and on that.”—HAMLET.

ELLEN was walking in the garden in rather a dejected frame of mind, while the children were racing with Neptune along the broad, straight gravel walks, when Mrs. Quain came out to tell her that she was again wanted at the town-hall.

Ellen was sick of the town-hall: however, there was no help for it; so she started on her walk of about three quarters of a mile, to the little borough in which stood that ancient and very ugly red-brick edifice, with a roof like that of the royal palace of Madagascar. The walk itself was a pleasant one enough in fine weather, and under ordinarily agreeable circumstances; but Ellen was beginning to have disagreeable associations, with every step of the way, and to look forward with longing to the time when she should once more be seated in her own snug little parlour with John.

On entering the town-hall, there she saw Mr. Curlew, policeman A, the prisoner, the clerk, Mr. Meeke, and one or two others as before. But what very much pleased her was to see Mrs. Meeke also, who shook hands with her, and spoke a few kind words.

“Now then, Miss Miller,” said Mr. Curlew, somewhat impatiently, “we must again put you upon oath. Now then, look at the prisoner, and say, is he the man who stood on the ladder outside Mr. Meeke’s window? Look once, look twice, look three times.”

“I told you before, sir,” said Ellen, rather nettled, “that I am quite sure he is the man.”

“What! he who stands there?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Why, Miss Miller, that is not the man you saw here before.”

Ellen started from head to foot.

“Not the same?” said she, faltering.

“Produce the other gipsy,” said Mr. Curlew to A 1, who immediately brought forward Pharaoh, and placed him beside the other. They were strikingly like. But the expression of the new comer was dogged and sullen.

Ellen turned red, and then pale.

"I am very sorry," said she, speaking with painful effort, "that I made such a mistake."

"You *did* make a mistake, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Explain yourself fully. Which is the man you saw at the window?"

"Not Pharaoh Smith. The man who stands beside him."

"You are quite certain."

"Quite certain."

"How came you to make such a mistake?"

"Why, sir, you yourself must allow they are very much alike; and when I first saw Pharaoh, he struck me as so much like the housebreaker that I felt assured it must be he; but now I see the very man, there's all the difference in the world!"

The prisoner scowled. Pharaoh looked immensely relieved.

"Well, I think we may consider the point clear now," said Mr. Curlew. "Especially, Miss Miller, as an old blue handkerchief, soaked in blood, which was found behind your garden hedge, has been identified as this man's handkerchief. Prisoner, have you anything to say? Do you hear me?—I see that you do. You are 'mute of malice.' Well, it makes no difference. You will be committed, and Pharaoh Smith is released."

Pharaoh's eye flashed with joy, and yet he could not help giving a look of pity at his cousin, as he was removed.

"How sorry I am I caused you to be falsely imprisoned!" said Ellen.

"Oh, miss, it don't magnify. But I'm very glad to be out. I must go and tell them all!" And, with a hasty, rough sort of bow to the company, Pharaoh disappeared.*

A good deal of talking ensued. Poor Ellen met with her due share of pity for her uncomfortable mistake; though, as she truly said, Pharaoh was the real object of compassion. She was very glad to hear from Mrs. Meeke that her children were well, and sent down to their aunt's at the sea-side, and that she had come to fetch home the others.

They walked back to Tranquil Vale very cheerfully. The children came bounding out of the house to meet their parents, and

* This tale was finished towards the close of 1858. In the *Times* for March 10, 1859, appeared a trial which it might be supposed, but from the above fact, that I had copied. —A gipsy aged 23, named Guilliers Heron, was tried at the York assizes for robbing a lad named Richard Gillbank of two shillings. Gillbank was returning from work at half-past four in the afternoon, when two gipsies, one of them *wearing very long hair*, came up to him, threatened, assaulted, and robbed him. He immediately got a policeman to accompany him to the gipsy camp, where he identified the prisoner to his own satisfaction, as the one who had taken his money. The prisoner, however, called witnesses to prove an *alibi*. There were six brothers of them, who were all in their tent, supping on hedgehog (hodjun) when the robbery was alleged to have taken place. Some of these brothers came forward, and were so like the prisoner that a mistake might easily have been made. The gipsy was *acquitted*. Many gipsies were in court watching the case with intense anxiety.

were almost as delighted to return to town by rail as they had been to come to Tranquil Vale.

Though many of the trees were now leafless, the country looked lovely; but Ellen had no regrets. She was heartily glad to find herself, at dusk, in her own little parlour, enjoying a voluble gossip with Mrs. Fuller and Betsy, who were eager to hear her full and particular account of the burglary. Just as she had exhausted the subject John came in, and then she had to go all over it again. Mrs. Fuller and Betsy left them to themselves, and they had a long uninterrupted talk till it grew quite late. Then Mr. Bolter came in, very tired and pale, but looking pleased. Pharaoh had found him out, and told him, with great glee, of his release; but he had also told him that, for a time, he must see his face no more, as his family considered his life in jeopardy from the kindred of the prisoner, and they were all going to some considerable distance till the matter had blown over. Thus, this promising pupil was lost.

"It is always so," added Mr. Bolter, sighing. "People of the class among whom I labour are always on the move. Either they get out of the way of the missionary directly he pricks their consciences, or, as soon as he has stirred them up to a better way of living, they go to some less disreputable locality, or they fall into misfortunes, or into the hands of justice, or they get work in another neighbourhood. Anyhow, he loses them just as he is becoming interested in them."

Then he told Ellen of poor Margaret's sad story. She heard it with a degree of remorse, for not having bestirred herself for her and saved her in the first instance from falling to such a depth of wretchedness; but, as she said, circumstances had been against her; and too often in cases of this sort, to be out of sight is to be out of mind.

She resolved to go the next day to see her at the hospital. However, Betsy Brick was busy, so Ellen could not leave the shop; and the first day she could and did leave it, to go to the hospital, Margaret was gone. Ellen then sought her at Flag Court, but she had been seen nothing of there since she was taken to the police-court. The attic was let to another lodger.

A day or two afterwards, as Ellen sat sewing behind her little counter, a square-built, brisk-looking old gentleman stepped in and said—"Are you Miss Miller? Yes; I see you are. Well, I'm Mr. Meeke. I've come back from the Continent—not too soon, I think—to look after my property; and I am now come to thank you very heartily for so vigorously defending it."

They had a good deal of chat together, and Mr. Meeke told her that the other man had been taken, his face sadly disfigured by his fall from the window, which had likewise dislocated his ankle; and that there was every chance of their both being transported for that robbery and others which had occurred a little before. He believed Ellen would have to appear as witness, but she would not be the only one; there was a worse case against them, and he would see her through it, if they were not convicted upon the first count, so that she might make herself quite comfortable.

A few days afterwards, this brisk old gentleman sent Ellen a very handsome workbox—the completest thing of the kind she had ever seen—with a very friendly note, begging her acceptance of it.

Ellen became aware, very soon after her return home, that an incipient attachment had sprung up, during her absence, between John and Betsy Brick, who now, by the way, preferred being called “Bessy.” Ellen could not have a word to say against it; she thought Bessy a very nice girl indeed; and thought John was hardly well to-do enough to marry; marriage did not yet seem to be in question: she did not even think there was anything like an engagement—only, they evidently had a warmer, tenderer feeling towards each other than there had been any symptoms of before Ellen went to Tranquil Vale.

One evening, Mr. Bolter received a letter, which interested him a good deal. It was to this effect:—

“SIR—

“You may remember a poor woman who first fell under your notice at a Sunday evening prayer-meeting, whom you afterwards saw at a police-office, and whom you subsequently conveyed to a fever hospital.

“That person now addresses you. Though recovered from my illness, I left the hospital utterly destitute of worldly means of support, and with a mind oppressed with anguish.

“Chance, or rather a good providence, directed me to the means of an honest, though poor livelihood. I am now constantly employed, many hours of the day, and my earnings are sufficient to feed and clothe me, and supply me with a humble lodging.

“That I should be the recipient of such mercy almost exceeds my belief, and it awakens the liveliest gratitude. I feel that to testify my thanks for the precious pardon of an offended God, there are other ways than words; and I have thought over many plans of devoting the few hours I have daily at my own disposal to his service. Only one of these appears to me practicable; and it is to ask your co-operation in it that I now address you.

“During the time I was in the hospital, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the utterly friendless condition of many poor outcasts who sought admission to its charity, the filthy condition of their persons and clothing proving their need of a female hand to promote their decency and comfort. I am well aware, sir, that in your missionary visits to the poor and needy, you meet with many such who have none to help them. Now, I would wish to dedicate my spare time (two or three hours a day), not so much to the decent poor, who have a claim on the sympathy of their neighbours, as to those of my own sex, who, from their utterly squalid and abject condition, no tenderly reared female could suitably approach. To me, who, by God’s mercy, have been rescued from a like miserable state, such cases will have nothing repelling; and I shall esteem it another benefit from you if you will direct me to such as will derive advantage from my aid. No matter how low they may

be sunk, I will cleanse their persons, their rooms, mend their clothing, and see that their food is properly cooked. In *any* way that you can make me useful, you may command the services of

"Sir, your obedient humble servant,

" MARGARET SCOTT.

" 11, Primrose Court, Hopkinsville.

" You will see me at your Sabbath evening lecture, and can speak to me, if it pleases you, after the service."*

Need it be said that Margaret was soon in full employ, under Mr. Bolter's direction? He found her sharing her one small room with a poor widow woman, an aged, decrepit creature, deprived of the use of her lower limbs, but able to support herself by sewing and knitting, cheerful as a bird, and full of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. The room, though poorly furnished, was not destitute of comforts, and was a spectacle of cleanliness and neatness. There were books on a shelf; flowers and a blackbird in the window. Margaret herself scarcely looked the same creature; though still pale and thin, her features had lost their look of care; and a mild light shone in her soft dark eye, while her mouth frequently wore a smile of pensive sweetness. Her dress was exquisitely neat and clean, though of the humblest materials; and her appearance in every respect was creditable and encouraging.

She soon proved a most efficient ally to Mr. Bolter; and, now that her altered course had enabled her to recover her self-respect, she would sometimes drop in at dusk, on Ellen, who rejoiced to see her, and would enter into the details of her work.

"It appears," said she, "that God is graciously marking out a path for me in which alone I am fit to labour. I know nothing of the customs and manners of the rich; I could not undertake the most menial service in a gentleman's house; but I can talk to the poor outcasts among whom my work is, in a way they can understand, and that commands their attention; I can help the neglected poor and aged; I can coax young children to go to school; and now, through Mr. Bolter's intervention, I am beginning, as a paid agent, to circulate the word of life, and read portions of it to those who are willing to hear me."†

"How is it," said Ellen, suddenly, "that you express yourself so well, both in speaking and writing?"

"If I do so," said Margaret, simply, "it must come by nature or grace, for I have had little enough teaching; yet, now I think of it, my grandmother, who brought me up, must have been a very superior woman, for she expressed herself remarkably well, and she was well-read in the Scriptures. But she died when I was ten years old, and my grandfather was a very bad old man. He used to boast that he had killed as many deer in Hainault and Epping Forest as he had hairs on his head."

"Was *he* your grandfather?" cried Ellen. "I have heard Mr. Bolter speak of that old man."

* The greater part of this letter is authentic.

† Vide "The Book, and its Mission."

"You cannot be surprised," said Margaret, "that the son of such a father turned out wild; in fact I often saw little of my father for days and months together; and, as for my mother, she died when I was an infant; so all the good I learnt was of my grandmother; and I think it may be that now my mind is more under the influence of divine grace, her ways of thinking and speaking may come back to me in some degree. But her husband and son used her very badly; and when she died, I neither heard nor saw anything that was good, or could lead me upwards. When my grandfather and I were left to ourselves my life was dull enough, and I had no means of self-improvement; but things got worse when my father brought home a second wife of the lowest description, who made me wretched. I so constantly heard low thoughts and low language, that, though I hated both, it could hardly fail but that my mind should be injured by them. My stepmother, however, paid me the compliment of thinking me too good for my company. She was always trying to reduce me to her own level; and when she found it in vain, her hatred of me became so active that, in self-defence, I left home to seek to maintain myself. I obtained employment at a furnishing warehouse, as you know, but got into trouble, and gradually sank lower and lower till I became what you found me." She sighed deeply.

"The wonder is," said Ellen, "that you have since become what you are now."

"Aye, the wonder and the mercy! And therefore it is that I feel myself called upon, in an especial manner, to be the helper of a class of persons *below* the decent poor—persons beyond the range of spiritual or moral elevation (of whom there is an immense mass underlying the surface of decent society), beings whose sole object is to *live*, no matter by what vice, nor in what filth and wretchedness."

"They must be a very uncomfortable class to labour among."

"Ah!" said Margaret, smiling—and such a heavenly expression irradiated her countenance as to make it almost beautiful,—“the end reconciles one to the means! I find my way into courts where no one even professes to gain an honest livelihood—courts swarming with children forsaken by parents who never were married, who have no desire for, no knowledge of a better existence—who live by ‘tossing,’ by thieving, by passing bad money—you may get a bad shilling in Whitechapel for twopence-halfpenny. Then when I penetrate into the dwellings, I find them little better than cow-houses, and not nearly as sweet—the window-frame stuffed with rags, the bed a heap of old shavings, the floor littered with hare-skins and rabbit-skins, the smell of which is enough to breed a fever. In such dens as these you cannot be surprised that they often say to me, ‘Of what use is it for you to come here? What use are your Bibles to us?’ yet I am content if, after visiting every room in every house in the court, I find but one subscriber. To collect that one subscriber’s penny a week, gives me a recognised object for going again and again. And then my course is clear.”

Brief Notices.

THE EARTH WE INHABIT: its Past, Present, and probable Future. By CAPTAIN ALFRED W. DRAYSON, *Royal Artillery*; Author of "Sporting Scenes in South Africa," &c. London, 1859.

CAPTAIN DRAYSON has made a most notable discovery. The "earth we inhabit" is a huge stalkless fungus, which is swelling and expanding continually, and is to continue so to do, until it is as large as Jupiter, or perhaps much larger. We venture to call it *stalk-less*, because Captain Drayson mentions no stalk; not because there would be anything more absurd or incongruous in such an appendage, than in the other attributes predicated of our poor planet by the writer. It seems that our earth was once (say 40,000 years ago) a very little one, perhaps less than Mercury; it was then also very near the sun, and had very short years, perhaps thirty days long (p. 40); which fully accounts for the antediluvians living so many of them, (Chap. iv.) The tropics were then also at the poles, owing to the earth only just being big enough to fill the space between the tropic of Cancer and that of Capricorn!!! (See Chap. iii.) This also fully accounts for the presence of fossil tropical plants, where they do not now grow; a fact which has never before been accounted for in any way, says our captain. But since then the earth has outgrown its ecliptic, like a little boy his trousers; and by the time we are as large as Jupiter, our ecliptic is to be inclined only 2° , (Chap. iv.) The proofs of these wonderful phenomena are varied and irrefragable. In the first place there are discrepancies between the ancient and modern measurements of a degree; to be sure some of the modern computations (p. 15) would seem to indicate that a degree is *less* (if anything) than it

was of old; but these have been carelessly made, and are not to be depended upon. The others show an increase in the computation, and these prove without a shadow of doubt that a degree is longer now than formerly, and that the earth has grown, Q.E.D. Likewise we have now 800,000 more acres in England than we had at the last survey. Latitude and longitude will (Captain Drayson candidly confesses) prove nothing as to the earth's expansion, because there are but 360° , however long these may be; yet he immediately proceeds to prove, by certain discrepancies of observations of latitude at various times, that all the observatories in Europe have moved northward. That in Edinburgh has moved 1373 yards between 1827 and 1858; in the same time that of Cambridge has moved only 300 yards; whilst between 1845 and 1858 that of Berlin has moved above a mile; (see pp. 60-1), and that of Christiana 1200 yards. Fully to demonstrate the truth of his position, Captain Drayson proposes to put in a peg (*literally*, v. p. 28), at the tropic of Cancer, on June 21st, and to re-visit this peg in a few years, when it will be found northward of the then tropic. But again—submarine telegraphs break, and this is entirely due to the expansion of the earth, pulling them asunder! (pp. 71-4); but railroads do not break because the expansion is so slow and slight, (p. 23): buildings are not torn across partly for the same reason, but partly also because "they prevent that part of the earth increasing so rapidly as other parts," (p. 24). So far as we have got hitherto, Captain Drayson seems quite sure of his position; there are other minor points upon which he does not express himself so confidently, as, for instance, whether the earth is

one million or ninety-five millions of miles from the sun (p. 10); whether the earth is increasing in weight as well as in size, or whether it is merely expansion; and whether the amount of coal raised annually in England does not cause the earth to become lighter (pp. 102—3). He relieves the mind of his readers on the subject of the moon's gradual approach to the earth, by the consideration that Jupiter's moons are much nearer to him than ours to us; and that as his have not fallen upon him, ours cannot fall upon us, (p. 94). Finally, all these facts he considers have long been known to the learned few; "the increase of the earth and *the universe* must be well known to the learned, who, however, have kept the secret to themselves," (p. 98). Captain Drayson anticipates for himself only the fate of other great discoverers, to be laughed at at first, and afterwards revered.

With a considerable experience in foolish books, we must say that on the whole we have met with nothing so very foolish as this. We usually allow such squibs to pass unnoticed into that oblivion to which they are destined; but this, proceeding from a captain in the Royal Artillery, is eked out with such an array of misquoted figures, such a parade of pseudo-science, such a heaping together of chord and arc and sine, such references to geodesic operations, and throughout exhibits such a melancholy absence of the most elementary knowledge of any branch of the science upon which it treats, that we have thought it worthy of the present sketch. To criticize the theory would reduce us almost to the level of the author; we must, however, by one instance, illustrate the accuracy of his calculations. At p. 86 he notices that Playfair and Airy give a different density to the earth, as the proportion of 4 to 6, "a result which, in the total weight of the earth, would cause a difference of, perhaps, some hundred billion million thousands of tons." Now, on the very highest calculation, the whole

weight of the earth is under *one thousand billions* of tons; the error, therefore, is multiplied by Captain Drayson only by about a few hundred millions.

We may, in conclusion, pay Captain Drayson the compliment of supposing that he has taken very great pains with himself; no man naturally, or without long and painful cultivation, could become so inconsequent and absurd.

PUNISHMENT AND PREVENTION. By Alexander Thomson, Esq., of Bancharry. Author of "Social Evils," &c. London.

It is calculated that there are about 150,000 persons in Great Britain who are directly dependent upon crime for their support. Probably each of these has, on the average, two others dependent upon him; so that there can scarcely be less than 400,000 persons supported by crime. *What are we to do with them?* This question becomes more and more difficult of solution, yet more important to solve every year. Our prisons are crowded; above 100,000 pass through them annually. Notwithstanding the great increase of prison accommodation of late years, there is barely room in them for the ordinary average of prison population; and not that, were the separate system rigidly enforced. This leaves unprovided for a large number, amounting to about 3,500 annually, who are sentenced to long penal servitude, transportation, or some equivalent penalty. This class is one of the great difficulties of legislation. Formerly criminals were sent in large numbers to our penal settlements; but these colonies have now refused accommodation to any more. No wonder: Norfolk Island was for many years acknowledged to be a "hell upon earth." It was devoted to the reception of the worst of criminals, who were too bad to be tolerated in other colonies; many of them guilty of crimes deserving death, "but at times so numerous, that the local authorities shrunk, for very shame, from hanging them; and all

of them men of the most abandoned character." In a somewhat less degree the other penal settlements became infected, until the authorities refused finally to receive any more transports; all except West Australia, which still willingly provides for a few annually. To keep them at home would require the erection every year, for seven years, of a prison as large as Pentonville, Millbank, and Brixton, all combined. Hence has arisen what has attained such unenviable notoriety under the name of the "ticket-of-leave system;" a regulation by which convicts may be liberated after serving a portion of their time, conditionally upon good behaviour, and subject to immediate revocation upon either any new offence, or the keeping of bad company without obvious means of livelihood: a system by no means perfect, or free from some objections; but rendered absolutely necessary by the impossibility of otherwise disposing of our criminals.

But leaving out of consideration the partial impracticability of complete punishment, the question arises, "Has punishment by imprisonment any deterrent or curative influence as regards crime?" a question which there is an increasing tendency to answer in the negative. Indeed it is thought that it only tends to harden and confirm in a career of crime. It has been epigrammatically said, not without some foundation, "Once in prison, always in prison;" and Lord Brougham gave the opinion that "short imprisonments are always useless." The number of criminals apprehended gives but a very inadequate idea of the number of crimes committed. "A large number of offenders contrive to escape conviction, sometimes even suspicion, for a long term of years, and many a crime is committed for one detection," (Thomson). Lord Brougham adds: "When it is considered how many offences a thief must commit to earn his daily bread, it becomes quite evident that *absolute impunity* is the rule, and detection only the rare, and even accidental exception." Mr. Mayhew

gives the opinion of the thieves themselves upon this matter. "A thief's life (*they* say) consists generally of four months in prison, and six out; and during this period, the mobsmen calculate that they commit six robberies a day, or, on an average, fifty a week. Hence it would appear that not less than a thousand robberies must be committed by each regular hand to one detection."

Reasoning upon these and similar considerations, Mr. Thomson writes to prove, what surely will be controverted by none, that prevention is better than punishment. The position is undeniable, and the details are ably supported. He shows that in our system of punishments we have still the remains of barbarous laws, which are unsuitable to the present age: that we have laws, which, without being so intended, are calculated to encourage crime; amongst which are enumerated the excise and some of the revenue laws. He very ably shows that many of our national and social habits have a direct tendency to foster crime. The neglect of female education makes a great number of miserable homes; the wife knows nothing, the *ménage* is wretched, the husband beats her, flies to the gin-shop, and then is fitted for any crime whatever. Sewing and washing-schools have been in some parts instituted with very good effect, with a view to partially diminishing this evil. The want of sympathy and kindly intercourse between employer and employed is another evil, which the spirit of the present day will do something to lessen. The want of proper dwellings for the working classes has a most fatal influence upon the morals of the community. When without regard to decency numerous families bivouac like cattle under one shed, distinctions of age and sex alike disregarded, it can scarcely be said that innate modesty becomes debased, for in truth it has never had an opportunity for manifestation. Cleanliness and propriety are alike unknown; and the laws of nature and of man are as little

comprehended as those of God. And this is not necessary from want of means, for Mr. Thomson states truly that "no persons pay so high per cubic foot for their accommodation as the very lowest and poorest. Rents in Tyburnia and Belgravia are moderate in comparison with those in St. Giles, Whitechapel, or Wapping." Night work and early work for children, the facilities for disposal of property, however acquired, at the pawn-shops, the payment of wages only on Saturday night, encouraging drinking, and the want of female remunerative employment—all these are shown clearly to have their direct bearing upon the production of crime. But far above all these in its lethal effects upon public morals, and also pauperism, is placed the use of strong drinks of all kinds. Mr. Thomson's sixth chapter is devoted to this subject, and contains much useful and important information. He shows that the amount expended, almost entirely by the working classes, in one year, upon beer, gin, rum, whisky, and other spirits (without wine, and without the beer used in private houses) is above 55,000,000*l*. He attributes to this at least two-thirds of our criminals and paupers, and advocates the gradual but almost total extinction of licenses for houses for drinking, above those which are necessary for travellers. The subject is too extensive to discuss, or to be more than indicated. The author proceeds to show that we have amongst us a large and costly body of confirmed criminals, and a still larger number of incipient and still *rescuable* ones; that these lead lives of great misery, and would depart from them, were the way opened to them: that the best prison discipline cannot be uniformly depended upon for reformation, and that "the wit of man has hitherto failed to invent punishments which deter with certainty from crime."

Besides the rectification of the above social and national grievances, the principal object of this valuable book is to promulgate and extend the doctrine of the necessity for "industrial

feeding-schools," many of which have been established of late years both in Scotland and England, with a most notable improvement of the juvenile population in the districts where they are situated. As a matter of cost, certainly there is a great advantage in this; a child costs about 20*l*. a year in prison, but may be thoroughly educated at one of these industrial feeding schools at a cost of from 5*l*. to 8*l*. a year. The author considers it proved therefore that "*prevention* is both easier and cheaper than *punishment* followed by reformation." In these schools the child is kept clean and fed on plain nutritious food; they are also taught some useful and remunerative handicraft; for the most part they return home to sleep at nights; and when they leave the school, every exertion is made to find them employment. Doubtless by this method thousands will be rescued from lives of sin and misery; the scheme is good and benevolent, but let not the promoters of it be discouraged when they find that *all* the good that is anticipated does not follow. Much good will be done, some little harm will also result, many of incorrigibly vicious constitution will by cultivation develop faculties for increased and more refined wickedness; there will be many disappointments, and much of the good that will appear will only be phenomenal. Of this, we must give an instance, in order to justify our unenthusiastic prophecy. A table is given of the annual number of commitments in Aberdeen from 1841 to 1856. This exhibits a considerable *decrease* in the number of juvenile delinquents, but on analysis, we find that of those *native* to the place, there is an *increase* of both sexes, whilst the diminution is in those who are counted as "strangers;" this doubtless being due to the power given to the local authorities to apprehend and send to the school, all children found begging or otherwise wandering about unclaimed and unattached. Mr. Thomson states that acts of parliament will not do

all. Nevertheless, the work is good and godlike, and must have the good wishes and support of every right-thinking Christian man.

NEW ZEALAND AND ITS COLONIZATION.

By William Swainson, formerly, and for upwards of fifteen years, Her Majesty's Attorney-General for New Zealand.

Not much more than twenty years ago, New Zealand presented scenes of horror and cruelty that are almost unutterable; and that, when lapse of time has still further removed us from the date of such events, will be incredible, and most probably be set down as amongst the romantic exaggerations of travellers. So lately as 1836, a native battle-field was a sight of most startling and disgusting character to a European. Bodies of slain men were seen laid out in order, previous to being cut up for the oven; another body just killed was dragged into the camp, the head cut off, and the reeking heart torn out of the breast, and carried off to be devoured. "Two long lines of native ovens mark the spot where the bodies were cooked, and a smaller oven, with a wreath around its edge and two pointed sticks by the side, on the one of which was a potato and on the other a lock of hair, points out the place where they set apart a portion of their horrid meal for the evil spirit. Retired somewhat apart is a little child, nursing in his lap, as if a plaything, one of the slain chief's hands." In times previous to this, these islands were so dreaded, owing to the savage character of the natives, that nothing but extreme necessity would induce mariners to land upon them. Twenty years have not elapsed since the colonization of New Zealand commenced, yet the neighbourhood of its capital, Auckland, is cultivated like an English landscape; the colonists live surrounded by peace and plenty; the natives supply the markets with the produce of their industry; the two races live together in uninterrupted peace and harmony; and English laws are re-

gularly administered; but far above all this, the purer light of the gospel has dawned upon this savage land, the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light, the good tidings of the kingdom have reached even to this "end of the earth," and been received with great joy and welcome. Native children are heard chanting our own "*Magnificat*" and "*Nunc Dimittis*," and the morning and evening hymn ascend to heaven, instead of their fearful war-cry. On the battle-field just described may have been seen a meeting of natives, gratefully acknowledging the blessings of Christianity, and planning means whereby to send them to their heathen neighbours. The land may now be fearlessly travelled in its length and breadth by a solitary unarmed wanderer, and he will rarely find a place where two or three are gathered together, but the dawn and close of the day are marked by the sound of prayer or praise.

Such has been the result of the contact of civilization and the gospel with this heathen land. It were happy if we had nothing more to relate; but a great problem still remains to be solved, viz., how the native people may maintain their ground, and be preserved to form a Christian nation. Both with reference to these islands, and all other countries where our civilization has advanced, nothing satisfactory has been done towards its solution. Cannibalism has become extinct, and the possession of Christianity almost universal; infanticide is rare, and the food and clothing of the people have improved. *But the people are disappearing.* The contact of European races seems fatal to the coloured tribes, their numbers are diminishing in fearful ratio, and the number of children is very small, compared to that of the adults, threatening the speedy extinction of the race. Whether this *must necessarily* be so, remains to be proved here, and no more favourable locality for the experiment can be found. The native race of the Maoris is a hardy and an intelligent

race, fully equal it is considered, man to man, to Europeans! the climate is one of the finest in the world, the winters being temperate, and the summers mild and inoppressive; the natural mortality appears to be lower than in any other of our colonies; the soil is productive as our own; the small-pox has not yet appeared in the islands, and care has been taken to exclude it by general vaccination. Every circumstance appears to favour the trial to raise a barbarous nation to a level of civilization equal to our own, but *as yet* the race appears to be dying out.

In Mr. Swainson's most interesting volume will be found full details of the past and present of the Maori race; of the attempts at, and difficulties in the way of colonization; of the strife with the natives; of the progress of pacification, and of their general state and constitution at present. It will there be seen also what a large share the preaching of the gospel has had in producing the present peaceful state, and how, should the continued attempts be successful, New Zealand may, in no very long time, become the centre and focus of antipodal Christianity and civilization.

HONG KONG TO MANILLA AND THE LAKES OF LUZON, in the PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, in the year 1856. By Henry P. Ellis, R.N. Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill.

A PLEASANT, sketchy, racy book, and true! It is an honest, straightforward narration of what Mr. Ellis saw in six weeks' furlough, which he spent at Manilla and the lakes of Luzon. He saw none of the wild and wonderful things, which Girondière relates in his "Twenty years in the Philippines," and he does not believe Girondière saw them either. The inhabitants of Manilla are mostly Mestizas, or half-castes of various removes from either the Spanish or Indian blood. The government officials are Spanish, the merchants are British or Americans, and John Chinaman, the universal huckster, does all the retail trade. All classes,

all ages, and both sexes smoke. Among the Indians the habit is commenced as soon as the child is weaned, so that little children of five or six years of age, are seen smoking enormous baccies, between eight and ten inches in length. A worse habit, however, prevails among the lowest class of the Indians and Mestizas, in chewing and smoking the betel root, whose red colour turns the teeth into the colour of red sealing-wax, and covers the lips and mouth with a gummy deposit of the same colour. The most striking circumstance to a stranger in Manilla, is the constant appearance of the Indians with a game cock, either carried on the hand, arm, or shoulder, or occasionally on the head. "Often," Mr. Ellis writes, "when two of these gentlemen, with their beloved charges, had exchanged the compliments of the morning, I observed them squat down and allow their respective birds, who had, meanwhile, been bristling up with warlike ardour, to take a few quiet pecks at each other, which seemed to refresh them amazingly, and without further comment each would go on his way, and each cock resume a peaceful attitude." On Sundays, however, this degrading sport became the chief pastime. Gambling is encouraged and patronised by government. All the people rise early, do their business in the morning, sleep during mid-day, bathe continually, and spend the evening in pursuit of pleasure, when the ball rooms and opera are crowded. Over this luxurious immoral city, the Catholic church quietly and carelessly presides. Mr. Ellis took a turn through the lakes in the heart of the Philippines. One of them, "The Enchanted Lake," seems as dreary a place as one might wish to see. Densely wooded and precipitous cliffs darkening the leaden waters, which seem sunk as in the hollow of a deep abyss. Alligators swarm in its waters, and myriads of flying foxes scream through the air. A deathly place, from which Mr. Ellis quickly returned, haunted with horror. What he saw on his route, and how cleverly

he tells it, the book itself *must* witness—we only witness that it is worth the reading; and that its statements are thoroughly reliable. Most painful, however, to a Christian mind to look at this and other dark places of the earth, while he wonders how long the great abominations of iniquity will last.

CLÉOMADES, Conte traduit en vers français modernes, du vieux langage d'Adenes le Roy, contemporain de Chaucer. Par le Chevalier de Chatelain, Traducteur des Contes de Cantonbury.

IN this tale, pleasantly translated from the French of the 13th century into that of a more modern date, M. Chatelain is of opinion that the original of Chaucer's "Squire's Tale," is found; and it does not appear improbable that such is the case. In his attempt to translate Burns into French lyrics, he is not quite so successful. The refrain of "A man's a man for a' that," suffers considerably—to wit,

"D'une guinée en or le rang n'est que
l'empreinte,
Et l'homme est l'or, malgré cela!"

But on the whole the execution of the translations is creditable; and the object, that of introducing our poetical literature to our neighbours, is most laudable.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.
By Emma Jane Worboise. London:
Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1859.

THIS book must be judged by the avowed and obvious intentions of its author. It does not profess to be a new reading of Dr. Arnold's life, an estimate of his theories and public influence, calmer and more accurate than was possible to one of his dearest friends when the grief for his sudden death was yet fresh and recent. Canon Stanley's invaluable biography is very open to criticism, and we should very well like to see another Life by a hand capable of cri-

ticising thoroughly Arnold's views of education, politics, and ecclesiastical questions. But Miss Worboise has not attempted this. Fascinated by Canon Stanley's narrative of his revered master, and deeply impressed with its moral worth and power, she determined to try whether she could not confer upon many who have neither the money to purchase nor the time to read the larger book, the stimulus and inspiration she believed she had herself derived from it. She has done her work kindly and well. She manifests a very genuine appreciation of the manly strength and Christian nobleness of Arnold's character; and we believe that very many who were never likely to read the original life will read this with eager interest and great profit.

THE THEOLOGY OF GEOLOGISTS, as exemplified in the cases of the late Hugh Miller and others. By W. Gillespie, Author of "The Necessary Existence of God."

MR. GILLESPIE thinks it wicked to suppose that a merciful God made the monsters of the geological eras; and solves the difficulty by attributing them to the devil and his angels. On after consideration he inclines to the idea that the creatures were "the outer shells of devilish souls, diluted, so to speak, to the dozenth degree." (!!) There is "one thought" which Mr. G. is "extremely anxious not to lose"—we will embalm his fly for him in our amber. In the same relation that "devils and demons (devils' imps)" (*sic in orig.*) bear to the "formerly existent carnivorous monsters," "innocent man would have had his correspondent, or palpable image, in the gentle quadrupedal and bipedal graminivora." So the seraphim were in like manner "mammoth" (see p. 81). We presume that by bipedal graminivora, Mr. G. alludes to geese and parrots, &c., and we are far from denying the "correspondence or palpable image," so far as some recent books seem to represent their authors. <1

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